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APRIL 29, 1988

Wm. F. Buckley Jr. asks
PARDON OLLIE NORTH?
- See page 56

NATIONAL REVIEW

The Selling of Technology to the Soviet Union

ommerce Secretary William Verity's Road to Serfdom

y R. Cort Kirkwood

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David Glasner: Avoiding the Crash of '88

• *JOSEPH SOBRAN ON I.F. STONE'S SOCRATES* •

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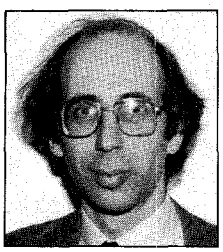
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LETTERS

Southpaw Pope

If Tom Bethell is correct in his analysis of Pope John Paul II's encyclical ["Mea Maxima Culpa?" Apr. 15], one must worry about who advises the Holy Father on economics and politics. He is indeed right that we need "united cooperation by all for the common good of the human race," but the crucial questions are: Following what ideas? and, By what means?

In comparing the two blocs, John Paul seems to have forgotten about religion. He fails to notice that global unity is not going to occur if the world views the East-West conflict as a conflict between two differing ideologies and not as the free world trying to end the oppression of religion and of economic autonomy in totalitarian countries. Sure, the West has its problems. But Mr. Bethell is correct in saying that "people must be free to make their own decisions, to own the goods that they create . . . , and to be free of the fear" of a burdensome, heavy-handed, corrupt government. "Central planning, after all, leads straight to tyranny." It is in the realm where freedom lies that the neglected may be helped.

Capitalism is not materialism; Communism is. Cars, resorts, yachts, etc. are means of enjoying our freedom here on earth as we follow God's word, help our neighbors, and live expecting that when death comes, we turn to dust, but continue to live in spirit.

In John Paul's previous encyclical he said: "In the created world God indeed remains the first and sovereign source for deciding about good and evil." The sovereign source inspires man to achieve the highest standards of human behavior. That is the way to world peace.

Martha Cunningham
Baltimore, Md.

Teddy's Petty Revenge

While it is certainly true that the cynosure of Ted Kennedy's vendetta against publisher Rupert Murdoch is the *Boston Herald*, one cannot ignore the sorehead senator's grudge against the *New York Post* ["The Week," Mar. 18]. During the Iran hostage crisis, a letter purportedly written by then presidential candidate Kennedy surfaced in Teheran. The *Post* headline was one of its all-time gems: "Teddy Toast of Teheran." That pearl must have stuck in Teddy's craw until he could get his petty revenge.

George Zarycky
New York, N.Y.

Deploy Never?

I take great umbrage at your comments ["SDI Watch," Mar. 4] on Senator Nunn's proposed Accidental Launch Protection System (ALPS). It is misleading in its attack on this system and on Senator Nunn, and it is politically naïve.

I and other conservative members of Congress were greatly intrigued by Senator Nunn's speech announcing his intention to pursue an SDI deployment option. In the first place, it recognizes that there are worthwhile missions for strategic defense that fall short of a perfect astrodome defense, and in the second place it admits for the first time from the opponents of SDI that there are things we can do right now to begin erecting such a defense. My support for space-based defenses is the longest-running in the Senate and predates by some four years the President's SDI speech. Yet I see absolutely nothing wrong with deploying now those forces that are ready now. If they are ground-based defenses, so be it.

Robert Jastrow, an eminent physicist and the Director of the Marshall Institute, has written widely about the ERIS missile and other ground-based systems criticized in your pages. In an August 8, 1986, *Washington Times* editorial, Professor Jastrow argued that a ground-based deployment of these weapons could greatly complicate a determined Soviet attack and thereby strengthen deterrence. Such a defense can begin with the deployment of a system against accidental or inadvertent launch.

Moreover, your point that ERIS deployment as limited by the ABM treaty cannot protect the entire United States against accidental launch is moot: Senator Nunn did not single out the ERIS as the only system that might be deployed in his ALPS system, nor did he rule out the possibility that the ABM treaty would need modification to make such deployment sensible. For instance, a mix of ERIS (exoatmospheric) and HEDI (endoatmospheric) ground-based missiles could protect the entire United States. Indeed, in a recent hearing on the INF treaty, Senator Nunn even said that he

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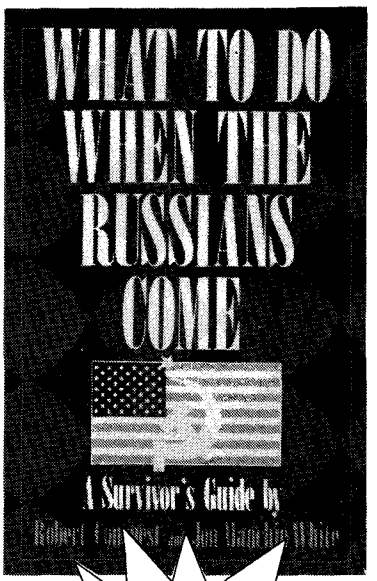
Strange advice from the authors:

BURN THIS BOOK

But that's only the beginning, if the peaceniks have their way and Russia ever does take over. The alternative might be to spend the rest of your days up near the Arctic Circle.

Say, what's going on here? Has the Conservative Book Club suddenly started offering kooky books?

Not on your life — and we use those words advisedly. This one is by Robert Conquest, who probably knows as much about the Soviets as any Westerner alive today. Conquest, now a senior research fellow at the Hoover Institution, wrote the classic study of Stalin's reign of murder, *The Great Terror*. Co-author Jon Manchip White is the Lindsay Young Professor of English at the University of Tennessee. So you'll be reading a serious book about a grim possibility. This isn't a *1984*-style fantasy. *This book is based entirely upon what hundreds of millions have suffered when the Communists took over — but with ingenious variations added especially for America.*



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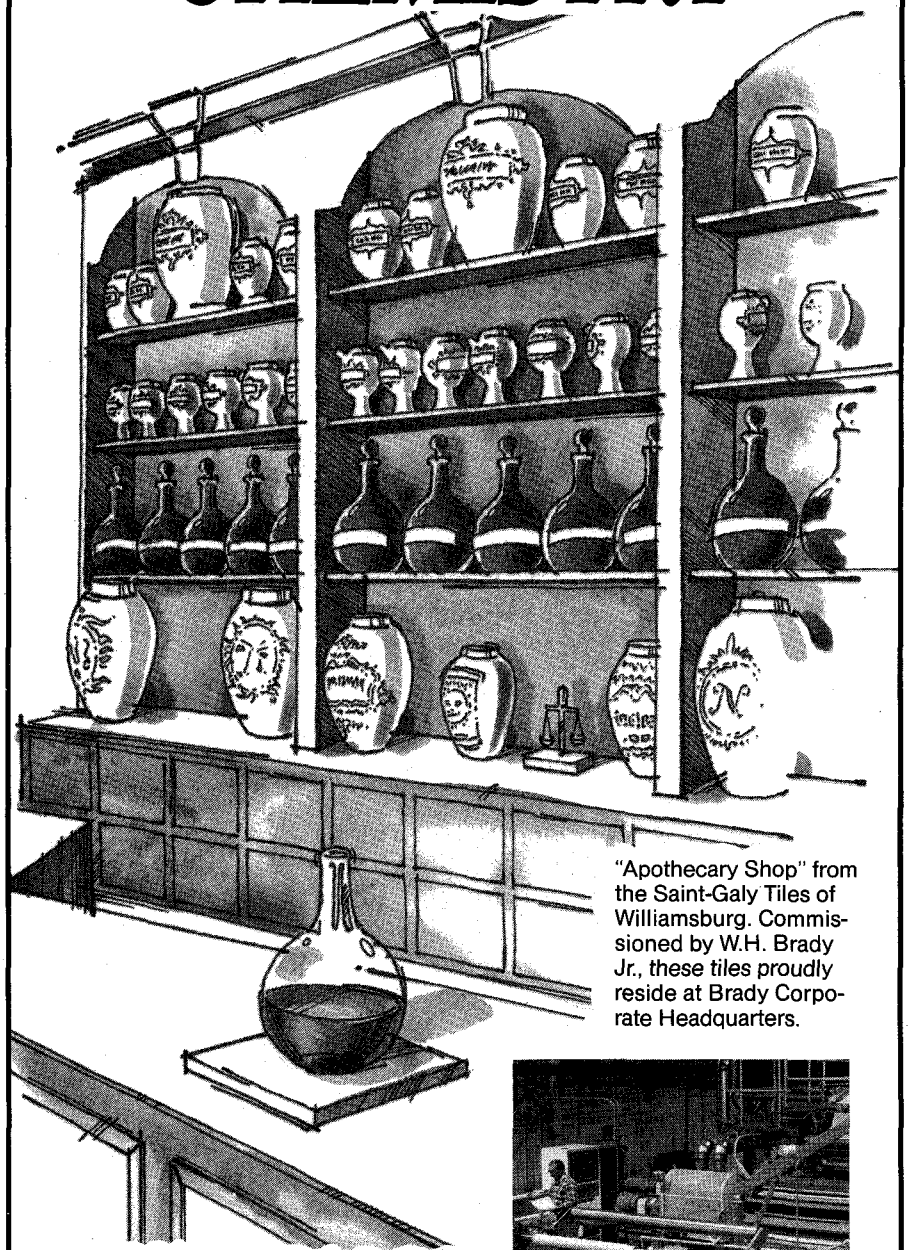

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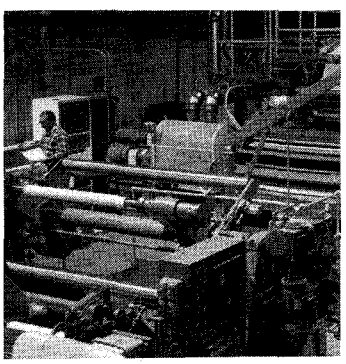

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is willing to consider the deployment of space-based components in such a system.

The author of your editorial is clearly of the same mindset as the entrenched bureaucracy in the Strategic Defense Initiative Organization: "Research forever, deploy never." Deployment of an Accidental Launch Protection System can only stimulate additional strategic-defense deployments. It is simple common sense. Who will persuade the American people, once they are protected from accidents, that their government ought not protect them from the threat of a Soviet attack by design?

Malcolm Wallop
United States Senator
Washington, D.C.

Senator Wallop missed an important detail in that Washington Times *piece: Professor Jastrow says "smart bullets" on the ground are useful—if we deploy forty thousand of them. His article also makes no mention whatsoever of accidental-launch protection—the focus of Senator Wallop's umbrage—and our "SDI Watch" mentioned it only in passing.*

The important point here is made by the Marshall Institute in NR*'s Q&A on SDI [Apr. 1]: even the massive ground defense described by Professor Jastrow can be overwhelmed by timed attacks like "laddering down." We need a space defense to remove some of the Soviet ICBMs at the beginning of their flight. That would break up timed attacks and protect us from a Soviet first strike.*

A space defense would also protect our friends around the world against accidental launch. Senator Nunn's proposal leaves them out in the cold. China has just started to deliver to Third World nations a missile that can travel 1,500 miles carrying a nuclear weapon with the destructive power of a million tons of TNT. A Khomeini armed with such weapons is to be guarded against.

Senator Wallop says ground-based defenses could be in place much sooner than space defenses. Our sources say that is a contractor's attempt at a buy-in; ground-based and space-based "smart bullets" can be available at the same time in the 1990s.

Space is the key. Nothing drives Gorbachev so frantic as the mention of a U.S. defense in space; but we have not heard a peep from our Soviet friends regarding Senator Nunn's proposal. In fact we suspect they are secretly delighted, knowing that the Nunn proposal would sop up funds that would otherwise go into deployment of President Reagan's space defenses. —ED.

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Are Two Different Visions Tearing Our World Apart?

Thomas Sowell is at it again.

Over the last two decades he has taken on and demolished a mountain of myths in one area after another. Now he's turned in another blockbuster that breaks new ground with an originality of perspective and a boldness of style that will make everyone, left and right alike, sit up and take notice.

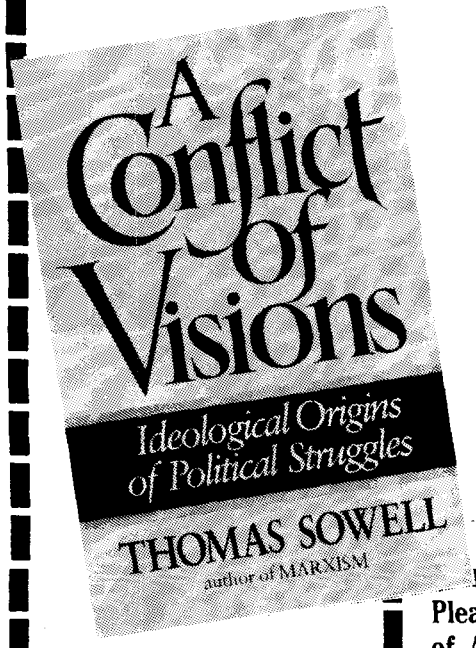
It's a book that will be hotly debated, examined, contested and turned inside-out. Because this time Sowell looks at political conflicts as they have raged for generations, and he has uncovered the remarkable fact that these conflicts have been dominated by two opposing visions that reflect radically different assumptions about the nature of man! On virtually every issue they line up on opposite sides, no matter how unrelated the issues. ***The very meaning of such words as "freedom," "equality," "rights" and "power" differs drastically from one vision to the next.***

So different are these two visions that often people from one camp cannot even understand what those from another are talking about. But that hasn't stopped them from threatening to tear apart societies and egging on the world to potential disaster.

Why? Because as Thomas Sowell points out, visions are powerful things. They underlie our ideologies and our political positions, and they may motivate us more than money, power or fame. People will kill for them and die for them. Indeed, *"We will do almost anything for our visions except think about them."*

The purpose of this book is to help us think about them.

- ***Why do concepts like "freedom," "equality," "rights," and "power" have such different meanings to different people?***
- ***Can these differences ever be resolved?***
- ***Why are failed visions in the natural sciences so much easier to abandon than in the social sciences?***
- ***What makes some people undergo radical conversions?***
- ***How does evidence influence vision?***
- ***Are visions stronger than self-interest?***
- ***How do those with one vision regard those with another?***



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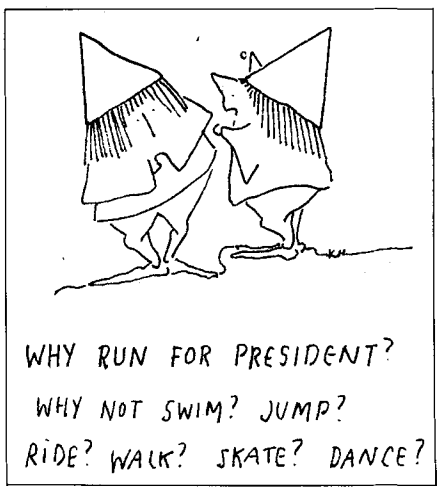
FOR THE RECORD

That collective sigh of relief you heard last week came from the Democratic Party at **Michael Dukakis**'s narrow (7 per cent) win over **Jesse Jackson** in Colorado and his smashing win in Wisconsin (20 per cent). But shock waves from Michigan, where Jackson trounced Dukakis a week earlier, persist. The words used by Democratic bigwigs in Washington to describe the party's post-Michigan situation, the *New York Times* reported, included "crisis, disarray, disaster, consternation, mess, and wacky." . . . "Party strategists and liberal pundits from **Ben Wattenberg** to the *New York Times*'s **Anthony Lewis**," reported political analyst **Kevin Phillips**, "have been setting up the range-finders and preparing the explanations." Phillips added: "Wattenberg is emerging as the **Paul Revere** of the Stop Jackson movement." . . . Dukakis was not the only loser in Michigan. The media, which, according to the **Lichters**' Media Monitor, had given Jackson "the best press of any candidate—81 per cent positive—" in the weeks between New Hampshire and Illinois, were getting flak for a kind of inverted racism in their pussyfoot handling of Jackson. In a *Washington Post* story "Media Scrutiny of Jackson Begins," one network correspondent is quoted: "It's absolutely clear to me that if Jesse were a white man, he'd probably be getting kicked around rather royally by the press." Added Wattenberg: "I don't think that most American journalists know how to deal with a story on the far political Left of the spectrum." . . . Even so, professional Democratic pols find it hard to crank up much enthusiasm for Michael Dukakis. In endorsing Dukakis a couple of weeks back, Sen. **Bill Bradley** commented: "It has been said of Michael Dukakis that he is dull, a charge with which I am not unfamiliar. But governance is not an amusement park. It is hard work." . . . **Harrison Hickman**, pollster, says Dukakis has two problems:



"People have little awareness of him. And there is a lack of burning issues on Dukakis's agenda." . . . And a newsman who knows him well, *Boston Globe* columnist **Mike Barnicle**, remarks: "The Governor of Massachusetts has been running in the middle of the road for so long that he now resembles a human median strip."

All major polls taken post-Michigan, pre-Wisconsin (ABC/*Washington Post*, CBS/*NYT*, **Gallup**/*Newsweek*, *Time*/**Yankelovich**, **Harris**) show **George Bush** beating Jackson by between 23 and 26 points. Kevin Phillips says exit polls show so many white Democrats would not vote for Jackson that "Jesse Jackson would run at **George McGovern** levels or worse." . . . Various Bush-Dukakis trial heats point to much closer race. . . . In the opinion of **Ed Koch**, George Bush will be the next President unless he "puts both feet in his mouth" or the Democrats nominate **Mario Cuomo**. . . . Democrats worry that Bush now has **Donilon**'s Law working for him. Donilon was a **Walter Mondale** campaign aide, and his Law holds that the longer it takes a party's candidate to lock up the nomination, the lower the party's chances in November. . . . To keep Bush on straight and narrow, the American Conservative Union has set up a Committee to Save the **Reagan** Platform headed by former **Bob Dole** campaign aide, and former head of the Office of Personnel Management, **Don Devine**. Group will monitor any move to dilute conservative program by Bush advisors. The problem with moving toward the center, which is always the temptation when running against leftist candidates, says **Paul Weyrich**, "is that you end up not having the passion and enthusiasm of the people of the Right, and you may lose because those people won't get out and vote." . . . Incidentally, Media Monitor reports that CBS coverage of Bush's candidacy was evenly balanced until the Bush-**Dan Rather** dust-up. Since then it's gone downhill. They rate CBS coverage now as 73 per cent negative.

Attention young journalists: National Journalism Center's 12-week summer internship session is accepting applications. NJC provides practical training in research, writing, and editing, plus experience working with professional Washington journalists, and a stipend of $100 a week. Contact **M. Stanton Evans**, **Chris Warden**, or **Mal Kline** (800 Maryland Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002). . . . Interested in the **Stalin**-ordered Ukrainian famine? Rider College (2083 Lawrenceville Rd., Lawrenceville, N.J. 08648) has exposition on famine on permanent display, runs occasional seminars on Soviet genocide. . . . **Kenneth Roth**, of Human Rights Watch, recently visited **Castro**'s Combinado del Este prison, reports that punishment cells in "Rectangle of Death" (as that part of prison is called) are four feet by eight or nine feet, and windowless. They each hold up to three prisoners, who sleep on cement floors, some naked, some in shorts.

Highlights of Gridiron Dinner: 1) Reagan on Bush: "If you were wondering why George Bush couldn't be here tonight, he tried to be but his 18-wheeler broke down on the Interstate." 2) Reagan to media: "Before I refuse to take your questions, I have an opening statement." 3) Cuomo's reply when the Devil approached him and offered to make him President in exchange for his soul: "What's the catch?"

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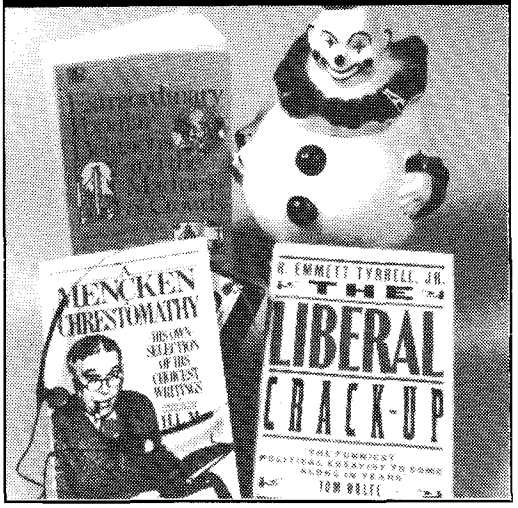

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THE WEEK

☐ Poet Allen Ginsberg declares that the Reagan Administration has loosed an era of "troglodytes and fundamentalists," with the "moral minority trying to control what the majority hears." Quite so, but those are unduly polite terms for the liberal moralists trying to undo two Reagan landslide majorities.

☐ Years ago, he tried to help out a friend on a matter involving oil properties in the Middle East; one of his associates was recently indicted, another is a convicted felon; he steered federal money toward a project in which yet another friend hoped to invest, and he has intervened to keep federal regulators off the back of a service industry in which yet more associates were involved. Ed Meese? No no no—we know all about *him*. This guy is Jim Wright, about whom we in fact know quite a bit (all the above tidbits come from accounts of his doings in *Time*, *Newsweek*, the *Washington Post*—the biggies). And yet, somehow, no one beyond a narrow band of partisan enemies—rambunctious junior Republicans in the House—gets energized to do anything about it. No calls for resignation, or indictment. No prating about "appearances of impropriety." Oh yeah, Wright's latest appearance was to dispatch Bob Strauss to talk a banking magazine out of reprinting Part Two of an unflattering article about him until his office was able to prepare a rebuttal. All in a day's work.

☐ When Fritz Hollings, acting as a finger puppet for Teddy Kennedy, slipped into a monster continuing resolution a provision that threatened Rupert Murdoch's ownership of conservative papers in New York and Boston, it looked like a bill of attainder. That's what the D.C. Circuit Court of Appeals thinks. The Kennedy-Hollings squeeze play struck at Murdoch "with the precision of a laser beam," the Court ruled, and struck it down. The move came too late for the *Post*, Murdoch's New York paper, which he had already sold. But he's still in business in Boston. If he wants to beat up on Kennedy now, we could suggest some juicy headlines. On second thought, reality will do.

☐ Georgetown University, after complex litigation, has come up against the hard-core meaning of "pluralism" and "diversity." Against its own age-old and philosophically grounded moral tenets, Georgetown has been obliged by the courts to fund and provide facilities for a gay student organization. The university officially takes comfort in the fact that it does not have to *recognize* the gays, which, the way things are now going, may indeed be a victory of sorts. "Pluralism" and "diversity" are the current buzzwords for a sweeping relativism, indeed nihilism—viz., that one thing is as good as another, and that moral preferences are "bigotry" and "chauvinism."

☐ *Adios*, self-determination. Once again liberals are calling for the overthrow of a Latin American government: Panama's, of course, the last one being Haiti's. So much for the Monroe Doctrine. We now intervene only against indigenous forces.

☐ Before it ended, the Dole campaign made a personal appeal to the Goethe Institute of Boston. "Dear Goethe," it began: "I'm delighted to inform you that at the last membership meeting of the Republican Senatorial Inner Circle, I personally placed your name in nomination . . ." President Reagan also personally invited Goethe to a cocktail party.

☐ All the attention Americans feel like devoting to presidential politics this year is taken up by our own campaign; and yet the French contest is well worth a glance. From the American point of view, perhaps the most interesting thing about it is the strange contrast between their *présidentielles* and ours. For starters, the Socialist incumbent, François Mitterrand,

The Languid One

Understated in his suits
  Of a leaden grey,
Mike Dukakis inches on
  Toward election day,
Proving that, when forced to choose,
  Democrats prefer
Someone whose ideas are a
  Tad less kookier.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

FORMER would-be President Richard Gephardt's campaign against the Contras elicits mirth from his colleagues. They note that he took leave from his campaign a few days before the Iowa caucus to "lead the fight" on Capitol Hill against the freedom-fighters. Later, when Congress voted yet again on Contra aid just five days before Super Tuesday, the House had to do without Gephardt's eloquence.

In any event, Gephardt was back the other day, striding purposefully into the House chamber. He had come to vote on the $48-million post-truce compromise package that included humanitarian aid to the Contras. The package had the support of just about everyone of consequence, and ended up passing by landslide margins in both the House and the Senate. So how do you think Gephardt voted?

Well, first he put his card backward into the electronic voting box. Okay, so it had been a long time. But then he punched the red button for No—thus voting against a package that had the unqualified support of the leadership of the very same Democratic Caucus of which he is chairman. "C'mon Dick," said a surprised bystander, "can't you manage just one more flip-flop?" Well, whatever you may say of Gephardt, the man is consistent.

"I'm going to get some sleep," mumbled Representative Dan Rostenkowski as he stepped from behind the lectern in the ornate Ways and Means Committee chamber on the Thursday night of Holy Week. For three years, the Chicago Democrat had presided over the committee's efforts to pull together a bill that would overhaul the United States' trade laws and, so it was hoped, take a bite out of the nation's oversized trade deficit. For five months, Rostenkowski and his opposite number in the Senate, Finance Committee Chairman Lloyd Bentsen of Texas, had directed a gargantuan conference struggling to meld two different trade bills into a single package ready for President Reagan's signature.

Now, his work—and the work of the 198 other members of Congress who had participated in one or more of 17 trade-bill subconferences—was nearly done. Members of the two committees labored late into that Thursday evening to smooth over most of the remaining differences between the House and Senate versions of the bill. Then they hurried out of town to begin a week-long Easter vacation.

But what had they left behind? It is still not certain whether their trade bill constitutes a blueprint for the nation's trade policy or a thousand-page invitation to a presidential veto. After all, the bill isn't as "protectionist" as was once threatened. Lawmakers dropped the controversial Gephardt amendment ordering the President to move against countries that have huge trade surpluses with the United States. And they bent to Administration pressure and took the protectionist punch out of many remaining provisions. They decided, for example, to require the Administration to begin investigations into countries such as South Korea and Japan that maintain "numerous and pervasive" unfair trade barriers. But the conferees gave the Administration discretion in deciding whether to retaliate and how.

In the closing hours of the trade conference, when Rostenkowski and Bentsen reached a final agreement in private negotiations, U.S. trade representative Clayton Yeutter was unable to tell them whether President Reagan would accept the compromises they had struck. According to one participant, the best Yeutter could do was promise to fight for compromise language against anonymous Administration officials who, he said, "are not enthusiastic" and "still prefer present law." Says the participant: "It was obvious there was no consensus within the Administration."

Moreover, White House officials are squabbling over which parts of the bill they should fight. Officially, the Administration expects some major changes after the Easter recess, when a "superconference" is supposed to meet and put its final seal of approval on the package. The Administration wants the conference to cut three offending provisions out of the bill: one punishing Toshiba Corporation for illegal sales by a subsidiary to the Soviet Union; another requiring that American workers receive advance notice of plant closings; a third authorizing a massive retraining program for displaced workers.

Since these officials can't agree on which provisions they hate the most and, consequently, are most anxious to see removed from the bill, they are having a hard time forming a coherent strategy to fight it. In any event, the conferees start wandering back into town April 11. The monthly trade-deficit figures, which seem to dictate Washington's ever-changing mood on the trade issue, will come out soon after. Stay tuned. —CATO

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has conducted his campaign with so much discretion that he would not even say until quite recently that he was a candidate at all. And then, although a committed Socialist, he comes across, at least in Washington, as Western Europe's most reliable anti-Soviet statesman. In any case, Mitterrand has not been a particularly effective president since his party lost control of the National Assembly. His conservative rivals for president—the present prime minister, Jacques Chirac, and a former one, Raymond Barre—have been doing most of the real governing of the country. Chirac has reversed much of Mitterrand's earlier Socialist legislation, thus reassuring the French bourgeoisie. But, paradoxically, this may work in favor of Mitterrand's re-election: since Chirac has done such a good job of reining in his wilder flights, the feeling seems to be that there is no pressing need to get rid of "Tonton" (Uncle) Mitterrand.

□ For fifty years, the model of Soviet youth was Pavlik Morozov, the 13-year-old son of a rural soviet chairman who, in 1932, accused his father of passing false documents to rich kulak relatives and turned him in to Soviet authorities as an enemy of the state. Pavlik was murdered soon after by infuriated friends of his father—and promptly canonized by Stalin as the youngest hero of the ongoing Communist revolution. Gorbachev's free-thinking, revisionist colleagues in the

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Kremlin have now come to the conclusion that the boy is an impractical role model for Soviet youngsters. A new Soviet film, *Plyumbum, or A Dangerous Game*, depicts Pavlik as a heartless traitor; while the March issue of *Yunost*, a leading periodical, calls him "not a symbol of steadfastness and class consciousness, but of legalized and romanticized treachery." It's not so easy, though, to unteach the lessons of a good education. Some 30 per cent of Soviet audiences found the boy of *Plyumbum* a sympathetic character. On a television talk show, a Soviet teenager said that, should he ever find himself in Pavlik's situation, he won't hesitate to rat on *his* father.

☐ Musing on recent demonstrations against centralized Soviet rule in Kazakhstan, Azerbaijan, Armenia, Latvia, and Lithuania, the *New York Times* editorializes: "Washington will be right to declare itself for continued political decentralization but would be wrong to forget that the process will be difficult and require careful choices and trade-offs by all." The *Times* should bring such patience and understanding to the nationality problems of South Africa.

☐ In a *New York Times* Op-Ed piece last September, Richard M. Cohen, senior producer for political news at CBS, urged the Western press to pull out of South Africa—on the grounds that the South African government places such tight restrictions on foreign newsmen that they can't live up to their mission, which is not, he said, the task of providing impartial information, but rather a form of consciousness-raising, the point of which is to bring public opinion down on the correct side of the political fence. Four months later, on January 9, he was talking to the *Washington Post* about how his network planned to cover the 1988 presidential race. "I think we're going to try to impose our agenda on the coverage," he said, "by dealing with issues and subjects we choose to deal with." A couple of weeks after that he was producing an exclusive live interview of Vice President Bush by Dan Rather. The Vice President was concerned that the interview might turn into another interrogation over his role in the Iran-Contra affair. No, Cohen assured him, it would be only a simple "candidate profile."

☐ Jason Rabinowitz, a member of the Young Communist League, has been elected president of the University of Massachusetts/Amherst student body. He sees his election as a sign that "McCarthyism" is in decline. But the *Boston Globe* reports that he comes from a family with "a long involvement in progressive politics" and favors "liberal causes." Hmmm. Equating liberalism with Communism is McCarthyism. But equating Communism with liberalism, as the *Globe* does, is . . . well, liberalism. We're beginning to see the light.

☐ This week's Anti-Inflation Activist Award goes to an Indiana lady who cashed her paycheck and a tax refund, $462 in all, then accidentally ran that pocket through the wash. The soggy bills did not dry fast enough, so she put them in the microwave. Five of them came through the fire in salvageable condition: three fives and two ones, working out to $445 in net disinflation.

☐ A Midwest radio station and the IRS are sponsoring Tax Bash week to raise funds for Muscular Dystrophy. For a buck, you get a chance to dunk an IRS agent. Trouble is, they bob up again.

☐ According to the gossip columnists, Fawn Hall is being squired around these days by actor Rob Lowe. Their conversations must be interesting, as Lowe is a member of a group formed to encourage activism among young actors. Lowe, Ally Sheedy, Judd Nelson, and Alexandra Paul are some of the hot young talents who have replaced their previous "Brat Pack" activities with the feel-good ego-boost of "informed" radicalism—after an education in political philosophy by former youths Jane and Tom Fonda. The Fondas started "Network," an "educational" group, last year. Ally Sheedy, who held a reception for Alan Cranston after joining Tom and Jane's group, comments: "They are incredibly efficient at motivating and opening up your minds. . . . It's not something where they're trying to brainwash you in any way. There's no pressure at all." Hollywood, America's new Athens.

☐ A political candidate was shot in North Carolina, and the authorities are debating whether it was a non-political act and therefore a crime.

The Democrats' Tar Baby

THERE IS something seriously factitious about Jesse Jackson's electoral "successes." Before Wisconsin, the media hype had refracted them into a stampede, but when you read the fine print, the figures are not terribly impressive. Add to this the fact that the two putatively most powerful Democratic vote-getters, Hart and Biden, long ago withdrew from the race, with the result that Jackson is running principally against Michael Dukakis, who is such a cold fish that he makes George Bush sound like La Pasionaria.

The Jackson "success"—in New Hampshire, in Illinois, in the Southern and Border states—is based on carrying 90 per cent or more of the black vote plus a tiny sliver (5 to 10 per cent) of the white vote. That is, his appeal to whites has been marginal, while blacks for the most part are voting for him out of racial pride, never mind what he says on the issues.

The Michigan caucuses represented Jackson's psy-

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chological and media breakthrough. He beat Dukakis 55 to 28; in doing so he got maybe 25 per cent of the white vote—around 35,000. And at that, Arab-American activists claim that their constituency is responsible for 12,000 to 16,000 of those 35,000 white votes. Now Dukakis has rolled over him in Wisconsin, and not much ahead looks promising for Jackson, though he may score in New York.

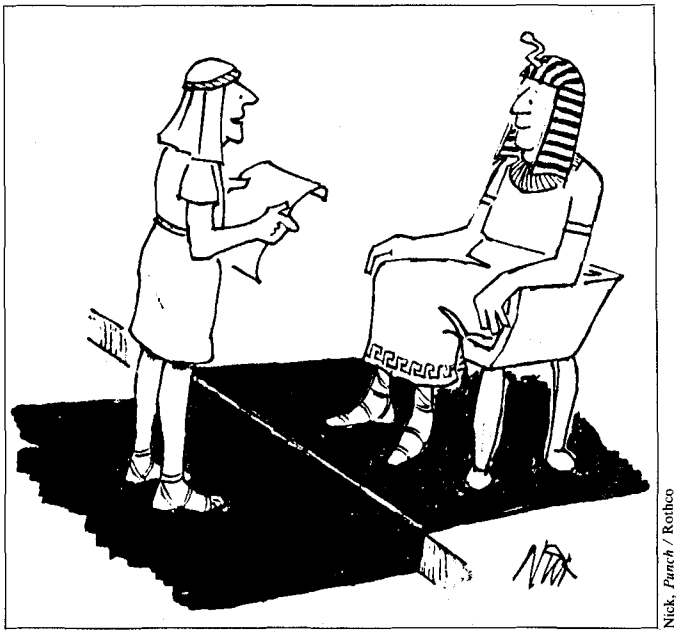
THE DEMOCRATS have a devilish problem in Jackson, not only because of these demographic factors, but because he comes on stage carrying all sorts of poisonous baggage. His Democratic rivals have not brought the matter up, but everyone is aware of the photos and TV footage of Jackson beaming at Arafat, Ortega, and Syria's Assad, and not only kissing Castro but shouting, "Long live Fidel Castro! Long live Che Guevara!" He has said that Robert Mugabe, the dictator of Zimbabwe, is one of the men he most admires in the world. You would think that Jackson could find, somewhere, a principled democrat to admire, but he does not seem to be able to do so. His long record of dictator-worship would make wonderful TV spots during the fall campaign.

Then there is the matter of his character and veracity: the Farrakhan/anti-Semitism episodes; the scandals emanating from his administration of Operation PUSH, which cannot account for how it spent $1.2 million in federal grants; the lies that Jackson has told about the events surrounding Martin Luther King's assassination (the "bloody shirt" material). Jackson's lies are not incidental to his presentation. Though frequently corrected, he continues to claim that the Reagan Administration has cut scholarship funding, and that corporations get U.S. tax incentives to relocate abroad.

With the tacit cooperation of Jackson's Democratic rivals, the media have been celebrating Jackson's "growth," his "maturity," his movement toward the "mainstream." All of this is belied by the positions he has been running on this year, which add up to a program akin to that of today's Labour Party in Britain. Jackson, far from being even a mainstream Democratic candidate—a category that is already well to the left of center—more precisely resembles someone from the extreme European Left or from the ruling clique of some Third World socialist country.

He supports the Family Farm Act, which is too radical even for the Democratic Congress. The act would impose production controls and licensing, and would amount to federal management of agriculture.

He would "phase out" nuclear power and end offshore drilling. If you are afraid of being chilly during a Jackson winter, he has the answer: "a major federal program to rebuild and insulate homes" so as to use less energy. During the Depression we had shacks called "Hoovervilles"; Jackson holds out the promise of "Jackson candles" to read by.



Nick, *Punch* / Rothco

"Majesty, we brought the pyramid in 12,500 slaves under budget."

Waging "class warfare"—for which Left Democrats are praising him—he would raise the top tax rate on personal income to 38.5 per cent, on corporate income to 46 per cent: a recipe for stagnation. He is against any work requirement for welfare. His vastly expanded program of affirmative action would mean a federal policy of imposing quotas and administering salaries throughout the economy. He apparently supports credit controls as well. Economists cost out the Jackson program and arrive at a deficit figure of $300 billion, probably understated, given a shrinking Jackson economy.

Jackson's campaign literature refers to the Soviet "threat" in quotation marks, so it is not surprising that he opposes the MX, the Midgetman, the Trident D-5 missile, a refurbished F-15 fighter, the stealth bomber, anti-satellite weapons, two new aircraft carriers, and even cruise missiles. He would of course cancel SDI. In his record, we cannot find that he has ever supported a single U.S. weapons system. And he wants to be the leader of the free world.

His policies would also bring about economic disaster in the Third World, with which he claims such conspicuous solidarity. Jackson would cut off investment in those countries unless their salaries, benefits, and union standards come up to U.S. levels, an international Davis-Bacon Act. The practical result would be a devastating increase in Third World unemployment.

THERE ARE several conclusions to draw from all of this. The Democrats, who have consistently racialized U.S. politics with their affirmative-action, welfare, and other policies, are now getting the kind of man they actually deserve. Democratic professionals have nightmares about carrying the District of Columbia,

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period, but they cannot say so in public out of fear of losing their solid black vote. These hypocrites are twisting in the wind. No Democratic presidential candidate since 1964 has carried the white vote, and so perhaps the fate of the party is to become increasingly black and brown and electorally irrelevant.

But there is another sense in which Jackson is a "natural" Democratic candidate, expressing perhaps the party's increasingly McGovernite soul. Jackson, who has the endorsements of the Socialist and Communist Parties, pulls white votes in the university regions of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Michigan, and Wisconsin, enclaves of radicalism, but also the pacesetters intellectually for the national Democratic Party. There is a sense in which Jackson has the courage of their deepest convictions, and they share his vision of a disarmed, redistributive, socialist America.

George, Be a King!

DOES George Bush need conservatives? Liberals are posing the question, and answering it, triumphantly, in the negative. Bush's early capture of the Republican nomination proves, they say, that even his own party wants "moderation," not "ideology."

Many movement conservatives are worried about Bush, and their apprehensions center on his allegedly passive personality and his future appointments. They think of him as a charter member of the old-boy network who will surround himself with the sort of feckless pragmatists who led him to defeat in 1980 and who have inexplicably come to dominate the Reagan Administration—the Bakers, in a word.

These are reasonable concerns. We will be keeping an eye on Bush's personnel choices as his campaign progresses. Conservatives don't owe reflexive support to Republican nominees or Republican Presidents; if they did, it would have been needless to launch NATIONAL REVIEW in the middle of the Eisenhower Administration.

All the same, the pertinent question for the immediate future is not whether Bush needs conservatives but whether he needs conservatism. The answer is that he does. He has virtually won the nomination by stressing not only his loyalty to a conservative President but his separate devotion to that President's principles. He got the conservative support he needed, even in a field crowded with conservatives.

But the conventional wisdom says it's time for him to move toward the "center," where candidates become, as they say, "electable." The trouble with this view is that the halfway point between the parties no longer lies at the traditional center of American politics. That is part of the meaning of Ronald Reagan's popularity. The Democrats have pulled the country sharply leftward for a quarter of a century, and Reagan, by promising a sharp halt to this process, proved himself vastly more "electable" than Gerald Ford, John Anderson, or the George Bush of 1980.

The evident lesson of every presidential election since 1968 is that Republicans thrive to the extent that they sharpen the philosophical difference between the two parties. George Bush needs a conservative theme that is broad enough for most voters to agree with it but definite enough that his Democratic opponent can only oppose it.

Not only has Reagan won two landslide victories; he is the first President since Eisenhower to survive to the end of his second term with his popularity reasonably intact, despite Iran-Contra. It takes a lot of spin-doctoring to read this as a mandate for "moderation" or as mere affection for Reagan's personality.

The way to victory for Bush lies not in distancing himself from Reagan but in convincingly adopting Reagan's central themes as his own. If he opts for a mushy compromise instead, he's not running for President: he's running for lame duck. And if he runs a mere "résumé" campaign, with no larger purpose, the salient item in his résumé will be his role in the Iran arms sale.

The White Guys

DICK GEPHARDT and Bob Dole have withdrawn and Pat Robertson is dormant, thus closing a phase of the primary season in which it seemed that the voters might be eager to embrace a politics of pain. All three men, in contrast to the sunshiny Ronald Reagan, stressed how bad things were or would soon be, and implied that it was somehow our fault for letting the Japs, the deficit, or sin push us around. The voters didn't buy it.

Meanwhile, among the survivors, Michael Dukakis and Albert Gore struggle to gouge Jesse Jackson and each other. Wisconsin was important, but New York is the big enchilada, followed by three major Northeastern/Midwestern primaries in two weeks (Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana), for a total of over six hundred delegates: Super Spring.

The key to New York, particularly to New York City, is ethnic. Gore, after running as Rhett Butler in the South and Joe Sixpack in the Midwest, tried on a new identity as the Fiddler on the Roof. Before a Conference of the Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations, he blasted Jackson for discerning "moral equivalence" between Israel and the PLO, and hit Dukakis for appending his signature to the letter of "dismay" thirty Democratic senators sent to Yitzhak Shamir. Dukakis, in a speech in Oshkosh aimed eastward, declared that "Israel's fate is our fate," but refused to criticize Jackson directly—giving Gore the opportunity to criticize Dukakis for his silence. Mayor Koch stirred the pot by remarking that any Jew who voted for Jackson would have to be "crazy." →

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Their Only Hope

(Excerpted from a statement to the 44th session of the UN Commission on Human Rights, and submitted to NATIONAL REVIEW.*)*

As MANY OF YOU know, I spent 22 years in prison for political reasons. Perhaps I am the only delegate to this Commission who has spent such a long time in prison, although I do know that some of you know in your own flesh what torture means. I do not care what your ideology might be; I offer you my solidarity, that of one tortured person to another.

I had many friends in prison. One of them, Roberto López Chávez, was practically a child. He went on a hunger strike to protest abuses. The guards denied him water. Roberto, on the floor of his punishment cell, delirious and in agony, asked only for water . . . water. The guards entered his cell and asked: You want water? They urinated into his mouth and onto his face. He died the following day.

I remember when they had me in a punishment cell, naked, my leg fractured in several places—fractures that were never treated and eventually fused into a mass of deformed bones. Through the wire mesh that covered the cell, the guards would pour over me buckets of urine and excrement that they had collected earlier.

Mr. Chairman, I know the taste of other men's urine and excrement. That form of torture leaves no physical trace. What does leave traces are the beatings with metal bars or bayonets. My head is covered with still detectable scars and wounds. But what is more harmful to human dignity? Buckets of urine and excrement thrown in one's face or blows from a bayonet? Under which item should we discuss this question? Under what mass of numbers, hyphens, or strokes should we include this trampling of human dignity?

For me and for so many others around the world, human-rights violations were not a matter of reports, negotiated resolutions, and elegant and diplomatic rhetoric. For us, it meant daily sorrow. For me, it meant eight thousand days of hunger, systematic beatings, forced labor, solitary confinement. Eight thousand days struggling to show that I was still a human being. Eight thousand days of testing for my religious convictions, my faith, of struggling not to allow the hatred that my atheist guards sought to sow with their bayonets to flower in my heart.

The world of those who suffer and endure pain often has certain poetic characteristics. I think it was in a book by Victor Frankel, a survivor of the Nazi extermination camps, that I read that in the midst of their total despair, the camp inmates were kept alive by a violinist—a companion in misery who every afternoon played a piece of classical music. That violin, with its musical notes scraped out in the midst of so much pain, was a ray of hope.

Totalitarians treat their adversaries like animals. At times, when one is treated like a beast, the only thing that saves you is knowing that somewhere, someone loves you, respects you, fights to return to you your dignity. I was lucky: I had someone to fight for my freedom; I had my wife, who traveled the world knocking on doors and on the consciences of peoples and governments, pressuring them to demand my freedom. But the majority of those who suffer violations of human rights have only the hope that the international community, against all hope, will think about them. You are their only hope.

Many years ago, a political prisoner named Fernando López del Toro came to my cell. In a tone of despair, he said to me that what hurt the most, out of all of the torment, was that our sacrifice might be in vain. It was not the pain, but the apparent uselessness of enduring it that was defeating Fernando.

Some years later, I found out that one night Fernando could no longer endure; he took his life. Later, I learned the details. Fernando climbed up on his bunk, coiled a dirty towel around his neck, and with a sharp piece of metal tore open his skin, searched with his fingers for the jugular vein, and in one stroke cut it. He died a few minutes later. Fernando was the victim of indifference, of silence, of that terrible echoless universe in which, in this century of horrors and violations, so many good men and women die.

We must raise our voices without fear and use all available means in defense of those who are persecuted. We have to shout about the pain that they suffer and we must accuse their executioners without fear. We have to reach into the cells of all the world's Fernando López del Toros to tell them with firmness and solidarity, "Listen, do not take your life; men of good will are with you. In some corner, in your honor and in your memory, there will always be the note of a violin, the voice of compassion of those who will defend you. Look, you are not an animal. Do not take your life. Liberty will never disappear from the face of the earth." □

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Interpretations abound. Dukakis must calculate that, since he will have to deal with Jackson later on, he had better be polite to him now. Gore, who is running third, has no choice; but since his attacks on Jackson draw votes from Dukakis, Jackson may not in fact resent them.

Oh yes, Dukakis is throwing a Greek bash in Astoria, Queens, on April 14.

Too Many Jobs?

THE U.S. economy added nearly a million jobs from January to March, leaving egg on the faces of many economists who had confidently predicted an imminent recession. So the definition of the latest "economic crisis" promptly reversed direction once again. The new problem was said to be that unemployment was *too low*, which supposedly threatens a burst of inflation. So, while Congress prepares trade legislation to "save jobs," we simultaneously face the opposite complaint: that jobs are already too plentiful. It does not matter at all what the critique of Reaganomics is, so long as it remains critical.

The "cost of full employment," wrote *USA Today* (April 1), is that "when unemployment goes down, prices go up." Unfortunately, the chart accompanying that article showed the exact opposite—inflation and unemployment in the U.S. rose together in the late 1970s, and have fallen together over the past five years. Comparisons across countries are equally at odds with the notion that low unemployment is inherently inflationary. Wages and prices are rising most rapidly in places like Italy and Spain, with unemployment of 15 to 20 per cent, and least rapidly in Switzerland, Hong Kong, and Japan, where unemployment is 1 to 3 per cent.

The whole idea that inflation is caused by too many people working, rather than by easy money, goes back to the late 1960s. For perspective, the unemployment rate among adult males as early as 1966 was half what it is today, and manufacturing was then running above 91 per cent of capacity, compared with 82 per cent today. Yet what really happened in the 1960s was that monetary policy attempted to drive unemployment still lower (to 3.4 per cent in 1969) by inflationary means. The Federal Reserve doubled its stock of government securities from 1961 to 1969, paying for them with new money in a vain effort to keep interest rates artificially low.

Inflation may reduce unemployment for a while if prices rise faster than wages, making labor cheap. But unemployment can also fall for real reasons as well, such as the fact that the minimum wage has not been raised for years, and that lower tax rates now make jobs more attractive at the same pre-tax wage. These supply-side remedies to unemployment are obviously *not* inflationary. But *all* of the Democrats' favorite alternatives—more tariffs, taxes, and dollar debasement—promise both higher unemployment *and* higher living costs.

Mythic Power

NEXT TO THE "Preppie Murder Case," the hottest crime serial in the New York media lately has been that of Tawana Brawley, a black high-school girl who says she was kidnapped and raped by six white men for four days, over the Thanksgiving holiday. Miss Brawley was quickly taken under wing by three black militant hustlers straight out of Tom Wolfe, who splashed wild accusations of official coverups, racism, etc., all over the tabloids, while preventing Miss Brawley from cooperating with the law. The authorities have been unable to do anything and afraid to do nothing.

Meanwhile, skepticism about Miss Brawley's story has quietly grown. The *New York Times* has done patient investigative work exposing the inconsistencies and implausibilities of her original version. Her three patrons have stuck to her story, as it were, counting on tribal solidarity to sustain the myth against rational criticism. The girl herself may be caught up in a network that has invested so heavily in her allegations that she could hardly correct them if she wanted to.

Now the *Daily News* reports that a classmate of Miss Brawley's had, 18 months earlier, told a similar story, later proven false, of having been kidnapped and raped, "in details strikingly similar to the Brawley allegations." It's becoming obvious why Miss Brawley isn't being allowed to cooperate with an official investigation. In the current atmosphere, the generic I-was-raped-by-the-Klan story has an automatic resonance. Many blacks rally to it, and skeptical whites are branded as racist. No proof is necessary. The myth lives with no visible means of support. Shades of Janet Cooke.

Losing It

"BY NOW," wrote Constantine C. Menges in the last issue ["Commentary," April 15], "it is clear that the Arias plan is dead." Hours after those words went to press, representatives of the Nicaraguan resistance and the Sandinista regime met in the village of Sapoá, near the Costa Rican border, to initial a ceasefire. It is clear, for the time being at least, that the Contras are dead too.

The Contras' decision to sue for peace was political, not military. The Contras had made significant military progress in central Nicaragua in 1987, at least at the level of guerrilla warfare. But even Douglas MacArthur could not progress without supplies. On February 3, Congress voted to cut off all military aid to the Con-

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tras. On February 29, the aid in place from last year ran out. "We saw," said Alfredo César, one of the Contras' truce-signers, "that in the United States there was no political will to continue supporting the war." Who says A must say B. Who does not do A cannot do B.

Those inclined to grasp at straws may select from a number. The regime is surely unpopular, and the Sandinistas have promised to lift certain restrictions on expressions of that unpopularity. For sixty days, the Contras may keep their arms, while receiving humanitarian aid. "Our troops get a two-month rest with supplies," said César. The Contras have not explicitly signed away their support structure in Honduras.

But, realistically, the Sandinistas have made promises before, and reneged before. The Contras' sixty days of R&R must be spent in designated ceasefire zones, which is to turn guerrillas into sitting ducks. As for bases in Honduras, they depend on the United States—which is to say, they depend on mush.

In the eighteenth century, England acquired the nickname "perfidious Albion" from its habit of leaving allies in the lurch. At least England acted in its own self-interest. America manages to leave itself in the lurch.

Target: Pakistan

PESHAWAR, PAKISTAN. On March 16, Abdul Wakil, foreign minister of the Soviets' puppet regime in Kabul, laid down the law to Pakistan's President Zia ul-Haq: If Pakistan refused to sign the current Geneva accords, the Afghan war would spill across the border into Pakistan. Gulbuddin Hekmatyar, a leader of the Afghan resistance, was unimpressed. He pointed out that, in addition to the cross-border air strikes and shelling that have been directed at Afghan refugee camps since the war began, for the past year Pakistani civilians have been the target of an intensive campaign of terrorist bombings. According to sources in Islamabad, perhaps as many as 650 Pakistanis have been killed in these attacks.

Pakistanis already see the Afghan refugees as visitors who have overstayed their welcome but can't politely be asked to leave, because they happen to be visitors equipped with assault rifles, machine guns, mines, grenades, and surface-to-air missiles, all courtesy of the United States of America. And now Pakistanis see them, too, as the indirect cause of random violent deaths in their land. This does nothing for Afghan popularity—nor (an added bonus for the men in the Kremlin) for American popularity. In addition to our support of the Afghan freedom-fighters, there is the fact that many of the terrorist bombers recruited by the Kabul secret police are out-of-work heroin traders. The reason the heroin traders are out of work is that the Pakistani government, with the support of the United States, has been systematically wiping out poppy fields and destroying heroin factories.

All of this has created some popular uneasiness with President Zia, who has taken a hard-line position in favor of the Afghan *mujahedin*, and who also, despite many disappointments, remains generally pro-American. And now Zia faces a new political threat from within his own government, in the person of Prime Minister Mohammed Khan Junejo.

A number of signals seem to suggest that Zia may be vulnerable. For example, ever since he came to power, there has been a standing order in the four government-controlled newspapers that his photograph be featured prominently, and that his name appear boldly in lead headlines. Then three months ago the word came down from the government's Department of Information: Henceforth the prime minister's name and photograph shall be given preference. In a recent issue of the *Pakistan Times*, there is a photograph of the two men meeting King Hussein. The caption reads: "King Hussein of Jordan being received by the Prime Minister, Mr. Mohammed Khan Junejo, on his arrival at Islamabad airport on Tuesday."

Four weeks ago, the editor-in-chief of the *Pakistan Times*, a close political associate of the president, was abruptly sacked after publishing an article in an Urdu weekly that criticized the prime minister and suggested that Zia take matters into his own hands. An informed Pakistani journalist told me the editor had published the story on Zia's instructions, and the president wasn't strong enough to protect him.

On the other hand, another Pakistani journalist says a fledgling newspaper was recently closed after publishing a story stating that Prime Minister Junejo and the joint chiefs of staff had asked President Zia to resign as commander-in-chief of the armed forces. The action taken against the newspaper, and the fact that Zia still holds the post of commander-in-chief, indicate that, for now, he remains in control.

And Pakistan's commitment to the Afghan *mujahedin* also remains firm. But the energy Moscow is putting into its terrorist bombings suggests that the Kremlin, at least, considers a Pakistani sellout to be a

The Siege Is Lifted

It was like Vienna,
  Besieged by all those Turks,
When Poles rode to the rescue
  To do their Christian works,
But with the news that Jesse
  Had started to recede,
The Democrats in Congress
  Were all back on their feed.

W. H. VON DREELE

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real possibility. As we go to press, indeed, it is being rumored that Zia may be preparing to sign some version of the Geneva accords. What precisely this would mean for the Afghans will depend upon the fine print. But in any case, one thing remains clear: while Gorbachev peddles *glasnost* to the West, he offers the Pakistanis, like the Afghans, only bloodshed and fear.

—CHARLES BORK

Robert Joffrey, RIP

I CAN'T REMEMBER now just which ballet it was that we were warming up for that night, or whether the evening was a special one, a gala or benefit. It doesn't matter. Activity backstage at the ballet is more or less the same on any night. Technicians and stagehands scurry about as much as union rules allow. The stage manager has a nervous breakdown. The orchestra, warming up in the pit, honks, whinnies, and trills. There are the smells of powder (greasepaint went with the dinosaurs), pine rosin (for traction), and the smoky tang of a colored gel rigged too close to a hot light (you learn to recognize this one early, escape from a burning stage being serious business). In the moments before the curtain rises, dancers prepare their bodies and minds for the night's work, and, being generally young and exuberant, they play. We were probably experimenting with a particular movement, holding a pirouette contest, something, when Robert Joffrey joined us onstage. He wanted to play too.

Born Abdullah Jaffa Anver Bey Khan, in Seattle, Washington, he has been touted by some, presumably because his rise to prominence wasn't hindered by his ethnic background (Afghan and Italian), as an exemplar of the American Dream. Fair enough, but that misses the point of the man. Robert Joffrey, more than anyone else in the business I can think of, was an international figure. Transcending nationalism, he belonged to the world of dance, and dance was his entire universe.

He was, first, a dancer. Not a bad dancer either, though his body was less than ideal. He wasn't statuesque enough to play the prince—was too short, in fact, not to be overwhelmed by all but the tiniest ballerinas.

So, he started his own company. The stories, handed down through generations of dancers, have become legend: the small troupe, almost a family, traveling back roads in a decrepit station wagon, bringing an ancient art to hinterland masses. With no reasonable expectation of survival, they flourished. The Joffrey Ballet became the third largest company in America.

Okay, he wasn't the greatest administrator. The company perennially teetered on the brink of financial oblivion. But he may have been the best director. His mind wasn't in the ledgers, it was onstage. He choreographed infrequently but with distinction. His *Astarte* was a revelation in its day. He championed other, younger choreographers. Just ask Twyla Tharp and Laura Dean. He stuck up for his seniors. Ask Martha Graham. Best of all, he rescued neglected masterworks. Anyone moved by Kurt Jooss's *Green Table* or Leonid Massine's *Parade*, to name two of many, owes Robert Joffrey a debt of gratitude. Just this season his company mounted a stunning restoration of Nijinsky's *Sacre du printemps*.

You could tell, as he wandered out of the wings, that he had something on his mind besides the usual suggestions and encouragement. Sure enough, he began telling us about a certain step he'd once performed, a *coupé jeté* (basically a split leap with a 360° turn executed in one fluid motion and often done in a series). A simple enough step but in this instance, he twinkled, done *backward*. And with that he took off, our director, whirling about the stage, to show us exactly what he meant. Once again, he was a dancer, and the light in his face was that which had illuminated, in various guises, stages around the world.

Naturally, we all had to give it a try and did, with varying levels of success. Afterward, he approached me with some advice. Remember, he said, when you leave the stage you want to leave an impression of continuity, a lasting feeling. Don't stop at the edge of the stage. Carry the movement all the way into the wings. So he did.

—RONALD P. REAGAN

The VCR as Metaphor

Americans invented it
  But Japanese knew how
To hawk it to the masses till
  They taught us to kowtow—
A stance that came from old Cathay
  When one approached the throne
With buttocks elevated and
  Brow pressed against the stone.

W. H. VON DREELE

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Re your column: "IRS—Writers, Too, Have to Eat":

I am of two minds when it comes to farming subsidies. On the one hand, I like the idea of family farms better than agribiz conglomerates. Because family farms are threatened, I suppose it must follow that I approve of farm subsidies. But I do not agree that tax dollars should be used to prop up tobacco or butter prices.

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And I definitely do not subscribe to the very odd notion that farmers should be paid *not* to grow something which, for whatever reason, is deemed "undesirable."

I am a writer. I want to be paid for *not* writing pornography. I'm absolutely convinced that you know everything. Please tell me where to apply for the monies due me for *not* writing undesirable material.

I am very happy *not* to do my part, you understand. I just want to be *paid* for *not* doing it.

Nikki Antol
Scottsdale, Ariz.

Dear Miss Antol: Your Guardian Angel is keeping track. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

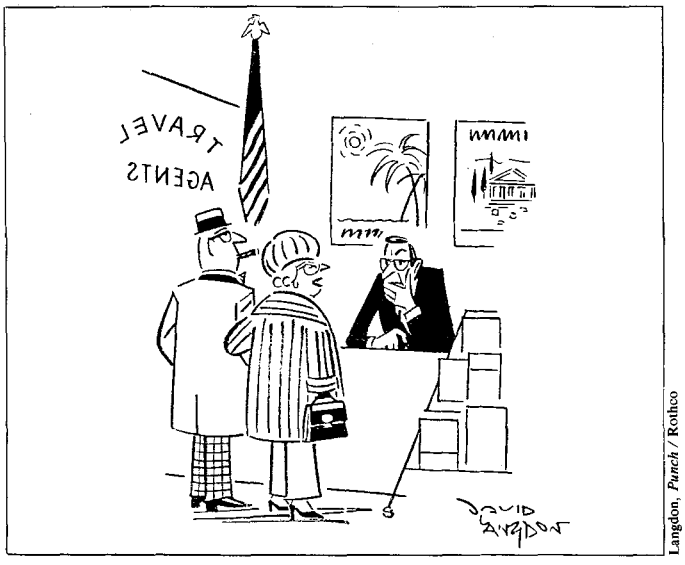
I enjoyed reading "Are We Saving?" ["On the Right," Nov. 6, 1987]. Coincidentally, I was calculating my 1987 income taxes at about the same time. It's revealing to compare 1987 taxes with the 1981 taxes on the identical income.

Here's the comparison—

	1987	1981
Total Income	$77,150	$77,150
Taxable Income	55,190	61,190
Tax	12,406	20,673
Dollar Difference		+ 8,267
% Difference		+ 66.4%

Suppose our income were less, how would our 1987 *versus* 1981 taxes compare?

Based on the current standard deduction and personal exemptions and rates (my wife and I both are in our seventies), our 1987 tax on $50,000 gross income would be $7,440. Based on the 1981 deductions, exemptions, and rates, our tax would be $12,818; i.e., $5,378 (72 per cent) more.



Langdon, *Punch* / Rothco

"Anyplace at all where the dollar is still almighty."

Similarly, on $40,000 gross income, our 1987 taxes would be $4,640; our tax at 1981 rules and rates would be $8,506; i.e., $3,866 (83 per cent) more.

I leave it to Sam Donaldson to calculate for us what the additional national debt and taxes would be if the double-digit inflation of the pre-Reagan era had continued under Walter Mondale.

In any event, I'm sure Sam thinks it's Reagan's fault if my wife and I can't put aside any of our $8,267 annual tax savings.

Sincerely,
Peter Daly
Prentice Hall Information Services
Paramus, N.J.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I agree with conservatives who want to make English the official language of America. But while we're at it, how about making English the official language of NATIONAL REVIEW?

Maybe it was a bad fortnight, but in the December 31 issue, we see *perestroika* (p. 20); *ad nauseam* (p. 26); *vere dignum et justum est* (p. 29); *ad infinitum*, *cogito ergo sum*, *Märchen*, *sum ergo cogito* (all on p. 31); *credo quia absurdum est* and *anima* (p. 32); *nomenklatura* and *glasnost* (p. 40); *magnum opus* (p. 41); *soi-disant* (pp. 41, 42); *de haut en bas* (p. 42); *a fortiori* (p. 44); *Kraft durch Freude*, *Ordnung*, and *Achtung* (p. 46); *jeu d'esprit* (p. 49); *tour de force* (p. 50); and *billets-doux* (p. 53).

Now, I consider myself reasonably well educated in languages: I have a degree in Russian with minors in German and French, and am fluent in legalese and nineteenth-century American English. But I confess that some of these phrases are Greek to me.

I'm not advocating eliminating foreign words from the lexicon. But if you cannot persuade your erudite writers to use English, could you at least provide translations for your harried readers?

Yours truly,
John Braden
Fremont, Mich.

Dear Mr. Braden: It is an old complaint, the use of foreign words. I would even quote to you from Fowler, except that I can't find anything under "foreign words" in my Fowler here and I am isolated in Switzerland at the moment. However, delicately used, they do bring little piquancies and with them—well, *aperçus* which, because they are extra-idiomatic, give you a fresh view of the subject. As if, in a gallery, you could rise—or descend—ten feet, and look at the picture from that fresh perspective. Don't you think? Or is mine a *fausse idée claire*? . . . By the way, knowing no German, Russian, or Greek, I often experience your frustration; but when I do, I bite my tongue on the grounds that somebody, out there, is getting pleasure. *Noblesse oblige*. Yours cordially, —WFB

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VEEPSTAKES

TEDDY ROOSEVELT lamented, as he was consigned to the second spot on the ticket at the 1900 Republican Convention, that it was the end of his political career. But the assassination of President William McKinley in 1901 proved Roosevelt prodigiously wrong, propelling his political career to meteoric heights.

This year, without tragedy, George Bush has successfully exploited the Vice Presidency as a fulcrum for capturing his party's nomination. The game has changed since Roosevelt's time, when party leaders shared TR's dim view of the Vice Presidency. Today, the Veepstakes offer high political drama; there will be no shortage of applicants for the job.

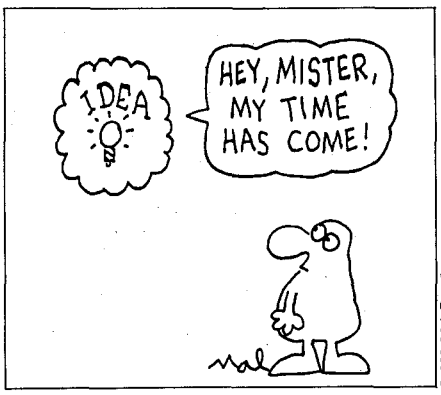
Conventional wisdom has it that the presidential nominee should choose for the slot his strongest primary-campaign opponent. That would give Bob Dole a place on the ticket this fall. But for personal and historical reasons a Dole nomination won't happen. First, Dole was the vice-presidential nominee in 1976, with disastrous results for the Ford campaign. Dole's aside that Democrats cause war, uttered in the heat of a debate with Walter Mondale, ensnared the Republican ticket in a needless and distracting controversy. The cardinal sin for a vice-presidential nominee is upstaging the presidential nominee with the press, and Dole certainly upstaged Ford in 1976. With pollster Bob Teeter and strategist Stuart Spencer steering Bush in 1988, bad memories of 1976 are assured. Both men played key roles for Ford in 1976 and neither wants a recurrence of nightmares featuring Dole's wayward, albeit usually witty, tongue. Nor would Dole readily accept second place to Bush. The animosity stemming from the campaign in New Hampshire is probably beyond healing. Dole contends it cost him the Presidency.

On the surface, Jack Kemp seems a logical choice. His ideological compass is aligned with that of Pat Robertson's supporters, whom the GOP will need in November. And Robertson is too preachy for independent voters, whom the GOP will also need. Kemp seems to be a tailor-made alternative.

But the upstate New York congressman remains a long shot. First, he will want to run again himself in 1992. Second, his failure to coalesce a conservative coalition in the 1988 contest makes his value as a unifying force on the ticket questionable. Also, the Bush campaign believes, correctly, that most conservatives are already, even if reluctantly, in its corner.

So, the solution for Bush is likely to be a Republican governor. The three leading contenders are California's George Deukmejian, South Carolina's Carroll Campbell, and former Tennessee Governor Lamar Alexander. Deukmejian would be an ideal choice if it weren't for an impending political event called reapportionment. If Deukmejian quits his governorship prematurely and the mantle does not pass to a Republican in 1990, the party will lose control of reapportionment. The resultant gerrymandering could create at least 35 safe seats for the Democrats and wipe out for the rest of the century GOP hopes for a congressional majority. So scratch Deukmejian.

Carroll Campbell is also a long shot. Bush campaign manager Lee Atwater favors him, but Campbell says he doesn't want the job.



Meanwhile, Bob Teeter, who seems to have Bush's ear, is pushing Lamar Alexander. Alexander's work in education should make him an obvious choice for Bush, who misses no chance to say he wants to be "the Education President." As governor, Alexander floated a reform scheme that would have increased funding for Tennessee schools in return for concessions from the state teachers' union on teacher-competency testing. In the end, his reform bill was defeated, but it won wide approval among Tennesseeans. Also, Alexander participated in the Administration's 1983 Commission on Excellence in Education, a public-relations blitz that marked the opening of the 1984 presidential campaign.

ALTHOUGH Alexander is an able and forthright campaigner who knows and speaks his own mind, his political career thus far shows no symptoms of foot-in-mouth disease. Nor is he so widely known a national figure as to detract from Bush in press coverage. He comes from the South, moreover, and so could counter a putative Dukakis Veep move to Southerners like Sam Nunn or Bob Graham.

Another former governor whose name is being bruited about is Richard Thornburgh of Pennsylvania. But Thornburgh tried in 1986 to hand over the governorship to his GOP lieutenant governor and failed. That suggests to some that Thornburgh might not be able to carry Pennsylvania for Bush; any candidate who cannot command his own state is an unlikely choice.

The march to New Orleans is still a long one. The calculus of Veep selection—the plusses and minuses of individual entries—may well shift before the Convention ends. But for the moment, Governor Alexander is the man to watch. □

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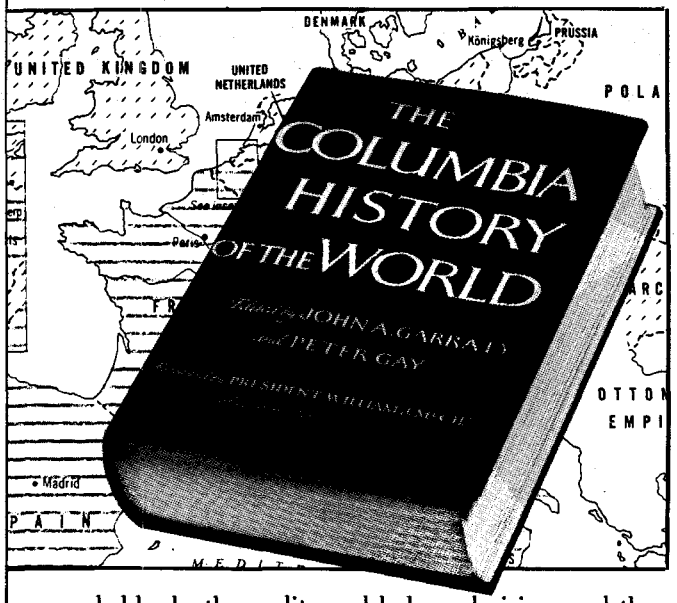

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BEYOND (PAUL) KENNEDY

PROFESSOR PAUL KENNEDY'S book, *The Rise and Fall of the Great Powers*, looks like having the kind of runaway success in his native Britain that it has been having in his adoptive America. This will not be a review of his book, which I haven't yet had time to read, but an attempt to draw lessons from his thesis, which has been admirably analyzed in the London press.

What we are talking about, basically, is the overloading and overstretching of great powers, whether in defense of their empires or of their scattered interests, or (since we live in the post-Leninist period) in the furtherance of an ideology or resistance to its spread. When I was trying to master the essentials of the dismal science, too many decades ago, I was struck by the observation that expenditure on armaments is a net loss to the economy of any country, in that it does not contribute to its wealth (whatever it might do in preserving that wealth from foreign encroachments). And my tutor wasn't even a pacifist.

Under Presidents Truman and Eisenhower, the enemies of yesterday and the friends of the day were given the wherewithal to create wealth on a gigantic scale, unencumbered by a large arms burden.

The great beneficiaries of the post-World War II policy were the defeated enemies: Japan and West Germany. Upon the former, the U.S. imposed the "MacArthur Constitution" banning war and even armed forces (a device circumvented by the euphemism, "self-defense forces"). Upon Germany, the Allies imposed a ban on nuclear arms. When every allowance is made for hard-working populations and Professor Erhard, the enormous expansion of both economies probably owed more to the ability to rely on the U.S. for protection than to any other factor.

As regards the Western European Allies, they benefited from that most unselfish of all acts of public policy, the Marshall Plan. Even after the loss of empire, Britain still thought of itself as a great power, until brought up with a jolt by the burden of Greece. In fact, the great-power syndrome never did quite die down, even after the Suez fiasco of 1956; or why would the British have gone eight thousand miles to defend 2,500 Falklanders and half a million sheep?

As for the French, they'd had a bad war, and General de Gaulle was determined to make France "great" again. "Greatness" by now being measured in terms of nuclear capability, he gave France its *force de frappe*. And let us thank him for it.

What I am getting at is that, in an ideal Allied world, Mendès-France should have allowed the European Defense Community to go ahead, Eden should have sent a delegation to the Messina Conference in 1955, and Europe, by now, would have been a self-sufficient superpower, with its own collective nuclear deterrent, in full and equal partnership with the United States. Alternatively, President Eisenhower should have given the disunited Europeans (while there was still time) notice that they had better get their act together within, say, ten years, at the end of which the U.S. would withdraw its forces from Europe (while of course remaining in NATO).

This is, however and quite obviously, not an ideal Allied world, so let me hammer, yet again, one or two of my favorite themes. One is that since we are talking about defense against an expansive ideology, nuclear weapons (though, to the extent that the enemy has them, necessary for purposes of intimidation) do absolutely nothing to stop what Richard Nixon calls "the real war." Covert action of one kind or another is the only way to deal with Soviet subversion, including what I call "teleguided coups d'état."

There was a time when Americans, collectively, understood this and acted on that understanding. A favorite example of mine is Guatemala in July 1954, when the CIA, in a remarkably cost-effective exercise, enabled Carlos Castillo Armas to oust the Communist-leaning President Jácobo Arbenz Guzmán, who (appropriately) claimed asylum in Czechoslovakia.

What a long time ago that was! Yes, of course, there were other instances, not least the Anglo-American operation that put the exiled Shah back on his throne in 1953. And that, too, was a long time ago.

PRESIDENT REAGAN'S own "Doctrine" of help to guerrillas who help themselves is an admirable notion that came desperately late. I shall allow myself the luxury of quoting myself (but without too much apology, as I am quoting from the only book of mine that was never published in the U.S.—perhaps indeed because of this passage):

> Any society that ceases to defend itself is courting destruction, for it must be presumed to have lost the will to live. In the wake of defeat in Vietnam and the Watergate affair, the Americans, through their elected representatives, decided that they no longer wished to defend themselves. As a result, their society was in grave danger when these lines were written, and its survival was in serious doubt.

Those lines were written in 1979, in *The Minimum State*. And if you wonder what I meant by "no longer wished to defend themselves," I was referring to things like the Privacy Act, the Freedom of Information Act, the Church Committee, the Clark Amendment, and much else besides.

And while on this subject, how many *NR* readers know what the Katzenbach Amendment was and what a severe and lasting blow it has proved to America's real defense? □

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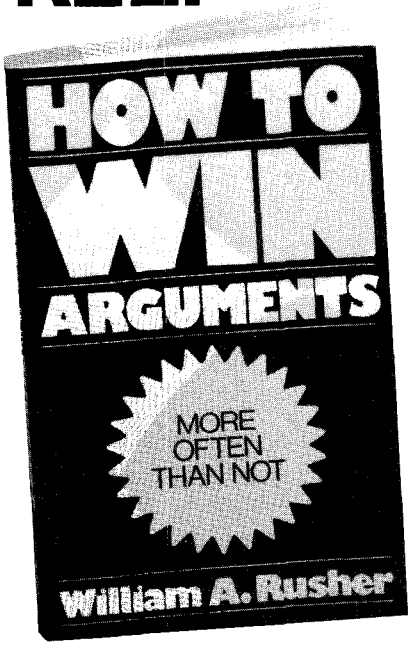

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THE CRASH OF 1988

JUST AS the financial community has begun to recover from last fall's nerve-wracking stock-market crash, a new danger looms: American depository institutions (banks and savings & loans) are failing at a greater rate than at any time since the Depression. If you liked Black Monday, you'll love the Great Banking Collapse of '88.

An exaggeration? Perhaps, but the current state of our banking system is anything but reassuring. In 1986 over 140 banks failed. Last year more than 180 closed their doors. In comparison, the average number of bank closings between 1940 and 1970 was less than ten per year.

Savings & loans are having even more trouble. The official statistics (229 S&L failures between 1981 and 1985) do not begin to reflect the wreckage in the thrift industry; regulators have been covering up for bankrupt thrifts on a massive scale. A more telling indicator is the fact that, at the end of 1985, some 450 thrift institutions (with combined assets of over $100 billion) had negative net worth when net worth is calculated using generally accepted accounting principles instead of regulatory accounting principles. On that basis, another 730 shaky institutions (with assets of $290 billion) had net worth between 0 and 3 per cent of assets.

What's to prevent a crisis in our banking system? Not the Federal Savings & Loan Insurance Corporation (FSLIC), whose claimed reserves totaled only $4.6 billion at the end of 1985. In contrast, the unrecognized claims against the fund totaled over $29 billion. Nor is there any sign of improvement; FSLIC reserves have since dwindled to less than $2 billion.

In short, not only is 15 to 20 per cent of the savings & loan industry at or over the brink of economic, if not legal, insolvency, but the insurance fund that supposedly safeguards depositors and thus the stability of the industry is itself economically insolvent. If a renewed burst of inflation drives up interest rates or a recession impairs the ability of borrowers to repay debts, it will not be possible to continue pretending that these zombie institutions are still viable.

The current expansion is already one of the longest on record. It would be foolish to assume that Reaganomics, however successful it has been, has permanently eliminated the business cycle. So a massive shakeout of the thrift industry is hardly an implausible scenario.

When the next recession hits, we may be left with only three choices: use general revenues to compensate depositors; nationalize defunct institutions; or allow a default by federal deposit insurance. The financial panic that the latter course would cause is too frightening to risk. Yet the first two options are scarcely more appealing. Financing FSLIC through general revenues would lead to either a major tax increase or an inflationary spiral; whereas nationalizing failed institutions would constitute one of the most breathtaking shifts of economic power from the private to the public sector in American history.

So far, politicians and regulators have simply looked the other way, hoping that the financial time bomb would somehow defuse itself, or at least wait until after they left office to explode. The legislation passed by Congress last year injecting $7.5 billion into the FSLIC kitty left FSLIC still insolvent without addressing any of its underlying structural problems. (One observer described the Administration's stronger version of the measure as "nothing more than a thirty-month punt of the FSLIC mess into the next Administration.")

There is a school of thought, represented by Wall Street economist Henry Kaufman among others, that blames the current crisis on financial deregulation. According to this view, deregulation, by forcing banks and S&Ls to pay competitive interest on deposits, encouraged them to take excessive risks. The risks produced handsome payoffs for some institutions, but they also led others to insolvency. The solution critics of competitive banking propose is simple: re-regulate banks and thrifts, prohibit payment of interest on demand deposits, and sharply limit the kinds of activities banks and thrifts may engage in.

Betting the Bank

PART OF THIS diagnosis surely is correct. Excessive risk-taking is indeed the principal threat to the banking and thrift industries. But it is not deregulation that leads depository institutions to take excessive risks: rather, deposit insurance is at fault. If their gambles pay off, managers and stockholders revel in the rewards; if not, they shift the loss to FSLIC and ultimately to the taxpayer. What is worse, the temptation to shift losses to the insurer increases rapidly as the net worth of an institution shrinks. With your equity gone, and deposit insurance there to guarantee your liabilities, why not bet the bank? So the incentive for risk-taking is greatest for the shakiest institutions.

Ironically, the system of deposit insurance that now threatens our financial system was instituted in 1933 precisely to prevent a recurrence of the banking collapse of the Great Depression. And by giving the public con-

Mr. Glasner, who has just joined the Federal Trade Commission as a staff economist, is the author of a forthcoming book on financial deregulation and monetary reform (Cambridge University Press), from which this article is adapted. The views expressed do not reflect the official position of the FTC.

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fidence in the safety of their deposits, FSLIC and the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation (FDIC) certainly have prevented contagious runs on the banks and thrifts they insure. (The recent runs on S&Ls in Ohio and Maryland were on institutions insured under state-operated plans.)

However, competent students of banking have long recognized that deposit insurance has also been eroding the soundness of the banking and thrift industries. Thus there is growing support among academic observers for proposals to charge risk-adjusted premiums for deposit insurance.

Unfortunately, in practice, federal deposit-insurance agencies would never be allowed to set risk-adjusted premiums according to strictly economic criteria. Can anyone really imagine Speaker Wright standing idly by while the FDIC charged ailing Texas banks higher premiums than it charged healthy banks in other states?

Fortunately, there is another, albeit more radical-sounding, way out of the deposit-insurance trap. This new alternative has been provided by money-market mutual funds (MMMFs), the most important financial innovation of the last decade. Introduced to let small savers avoid the large minimum denominations on conventional money-market instruments, MMMFs soon began to compete with checking accounts by offering limited check-writing privileges. There is, however, a basic difference between MMMF shares and checking accounts: the MMMF shareholder owns part of the fund's asset portfolio, while the holder of a checking account has a claim on the depository institution for a fixed sum.

Each instrument has advantages and risks. A depositor always knows exactly how much he has in the bank (or thrift) but an MMMF shareholder can only find out precisely what he has by liquidating his account. On the other hand, a depositor bears a risk of default, while an MMMF shareholder, as part-owner of the fund, does not.

That is an important point because it means that MMMF shareholders have no incentive to start a run on their fund. Once depositors find out that the assets of a bank have depreciated, they may quite reasonably try to protect themselves by withdrawing their deposits. But MMMF shareholders absorb the reduction in the value of the fund's asset portfolio instantaneously so there is far less incentive to cash in MMMF shares. Even if MMMF shareholders do try to liquidate, doing so cannot threaten the solvency of the fund since all a shareholder can get is his pro-rata share of whatever is left.

Doing without Insurance

In a competitive environment, both deposits and fund shares would be offered. But since MMMFs minimize fluctuations in the value of their portfolios by acquiring only liquid short-term asserts, banks would have to guarantee depositors against the risk of default in order to compete with funds.

Banks can provide that guarantee now only thanks to federally subsidized deposit insurance. Thus, deposit insurance gives an unsafe payments system based on debt a competitive advantage over an inherently safe and stable system based on equity. Since the Depression we have been paralyzed by the fear that, without deposit insurance, deposits would be unsafe and the financial system would be in danger of collapse. But now the competition from MMMFs would, even in the absence of insurance, force banks and thrifts to provide their own guarantee against default risk.

How could they do so? Just as any debtor does: by securing their obligations with collateral. But for the collateral to be acceptable, it would have to be readily marketable. In other words, it would consist of the same sorts of highly liquid short-term assets now held by MMMFs. By collateralizing deposits, banks would, in effect, be providing fund shares while guaranteeing depositors against any fluctuation in the nominal value of the shares. If that guarantee were worth anything to depositors, banks could pay less interest on deposits than the average return to those holding MMMF shares.

Historically, banks have performed two distinct functions. One was to provide a medium of exchange and operate a payments mechanism by appropriately crediting and debiting accounts; the other was to act as a financial intermediary pooling the money of many savers and lending it to those wishing to borrow. Unfortunately, whenever banks ran into trouble in discharging their second function, their ability to discharge the first was also impaired. The result? Instant monetary crisis.

Under the system I am suggesting, banks would, in essence, separate themselves into two independent units to perform these two distinct functions. One unit would provide payments services to depositors by managing funds of short-term marketable securities. The second would lend capital raised from stockholders and holders of long-term debt. The former unit would be completely insulated from the fortunes (or misfortunes) of the latter.

It Doesn't Have to Happen

It would be nice if there were a painless way of solving the banking problem. Unfortunately, as long as accounting devices can disguise the bankrupt state of depository institutions, our political leadership seems determined to ignore the problem. So the banking losses are likely to continue until the consequences are so great that we all feel them.

It doesn't have to be that way. A sensible approach would begin by recapitalizing and reconstituting (where possible) or liquidating institutions with negative net worth while meeting obligations to insured depositors; uninsured depositors could be left to recover whatever they could from the liquidated assets of the insolvent institutions. The next step would be to phase out federal deposit insurance by gradually reducing the maximum limits on insured deposits to zero. At the same time MMMFs should be permitted to offer a full range of payments services.

If Washington can somehow muster the courage to adopt such a strategy, we can create for ourselves and our children a safer, more stable, and more efficient financial system than America has ever had before. □

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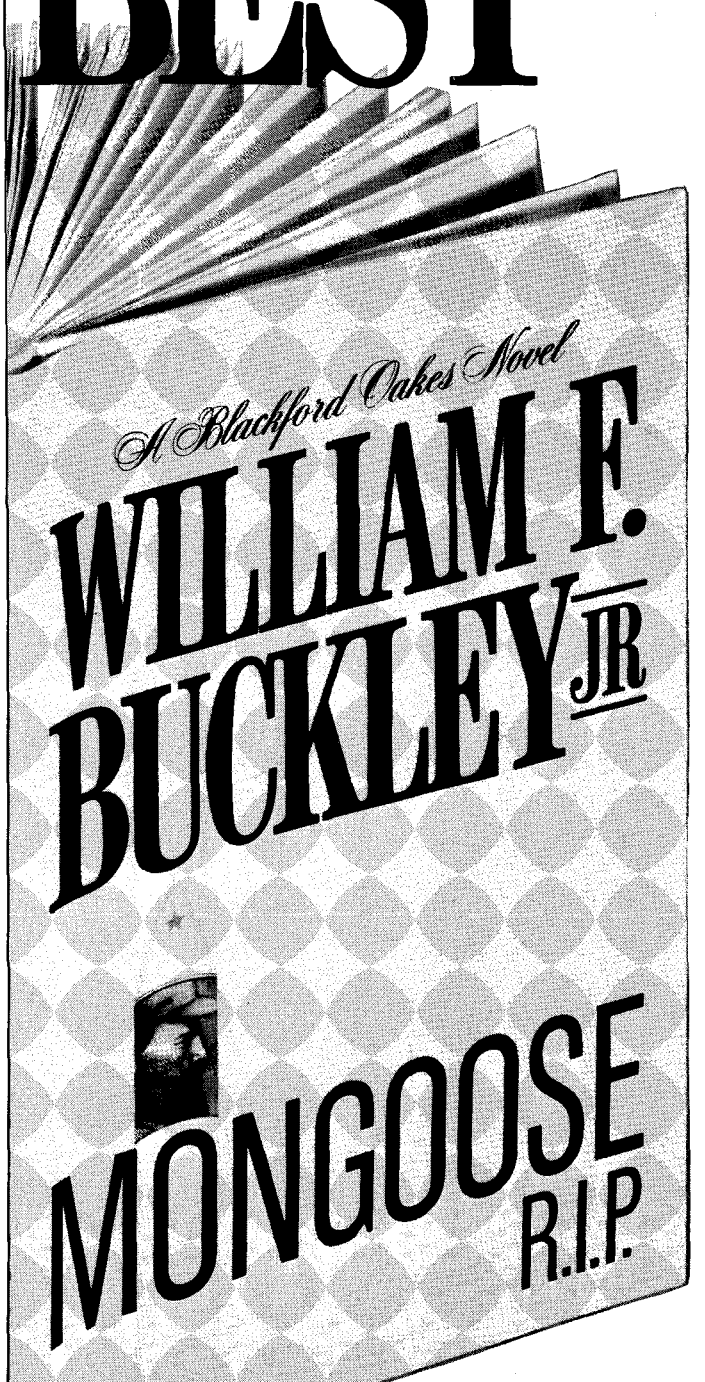

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THE PERILS OF POVERTY

FOR THE PAST twenty months the world has been relatively free from the ravages of international terrorism. Some observers have attributed this lull to the American raid on Libya in April 1986, and to increased toughness and cooperation on the part of European governments in response to the rash of bombings in their countries in late 1985 and early 1986. Others suggest that terrorism is historically a cyclical phenomenon and that what we are now witnessing is nothing more than the downswing of the cycle. It will not be long, they caution, before we suffer a new outbreak of terrorist violence.

The real explanation for the present lull in terrorist operations lies elsewhere. A clue can be found in reports last fall that Lebanese Druse leader Walid Jumblatt was sending eight hundred fighting men to Libya to shore up Colonel Qaddafi's flagging efforts in Chad. By all accounts, Jumblatt is not particularly eager to weaken his militia's ability to project power in Lebanon, nor does he want to see Druse soldiers die in the wastelands of northern Chad. It is simply a matter of economics. Jumblatt cannot afford any longer to maintain his four- to five-thousand-man militia. By renting out some of his soldiers, the Lebanese warlord not only is relieved from paying for their care and maintenance, but also receives desperately needed hard currency and military equipment from the Libyans in exchange.

This, then, is the answer to our question. In Lebanon, the hothouse of international terrorism, all the factions are suffering the same sort of economic woes as Jumblatt. Terrorist operations are expensive—a single operation in Europe may cost millions of dollars. Middle East terrorist groups currently lack the hard currency to pay for the guns, explosives, jet travel, false documents, communications, and reconnaissance requisite for even ordinary, much less sensational, attacks.

This is in large part a result of the collapse of the Lebanese pound. During most of the 13-year-old Lebanese civil war, the pound remained remarkably strong. Substantial Lebanese gold reserves helped shore it up, and all of the traditional factions that dominated the country had a stake in maintaining its value.

But, in the space of two years, rapid inflation has turned Lebanese currency into worthless paper. As recently as two years ago the Lebanese pound was convertible at four to the dollar. Today the official rate is 270 to one. Several factors contributed to the pound's sudden devaluation, including: the general depletion of all factions' resources by the civil war; the rise of the long disfranchised Shiite population in Lebanon, which had very little stake in the nation's economy; the central government's unrestrained printing of currency in order to pay its expenses; the flight of business and of many of Lebanon's most productive citizens; and growing cynicism about Lebanon's long-term prospects.

The Christian armed militia (the Phalange) is believed to have had, in its Beirut bank accounts, more than $500 million worth of Lebanese pounds. Today, those same pounds would be worth, at best, $6 to $7 million. The Shiite fighting groups, the Hizballah and the Amal, had secret Beirut bank accounts, denominated in Lebanese pounds, worth between $100 and $200 million. Now, these accounts are valued at less than $3 million. Five years ago the average salary of a Lebanese militiaman ranged between 1,000 and 2,000 Lebanese pounds a month, worth $250 to $500. Today, the ordinary militiaman still earns 1,000 to 2,000 Lebanese pounds a month, but his salary is only worth $3.75 to $7.50 in U.S. currency.

According to Western intelligence sources, the shortage of cash has forced both the fighting militias of Lebanon and various terrorist groups based there to cut back significantly in their operations. These groups have all suffered from declining morale, with members deserting in search of a living wage. Many become brigands, robbing, looting, and kidnapping at will; others seek to emigrate. As one Palestinian businessman recently observed, "For the first time in the conflict people are hungry." Even Abu Nidal reportedly is feeling the pinch; his recent falling-out with the Syrians and the decision to move his headquarters to Tripoli were based, at least in part, on financial considerations.

THROUGHOUT the Middle East, declining oil prices, rising inflation, and the staggering financial burden of the Iran-Iraq war and of tensions in the Persian Gulf are having an impact on military budgets. Syria has been forced to make deep cuts in its defense outlays, including a reduction in the strength of its land forces, the dismantlement of at least one armor brigade, and abandonment of plans to form a third armor corps. Economic woes have also compelled the Egyptians and Israelis to reduce the size of their standing armies, and Israel has even been forced to cut back on its front-line fighter squadrons.

The tough economic times in the Middle East are yielding a number of unforeseen benefits to the West, which, though they may be transitory, are certainly welcome. On the international-terrorism front, relief is spelled: N-O C-A-S-H. □

Mr. Livingstone is the author of numerous books on terrorism. His forthcoming book, The Cult of Counterterrorism, *will be published this fall by Warner. . . . For 19 years Mr. Halevy covered intelligence and military affairs for* Time *magazine.*

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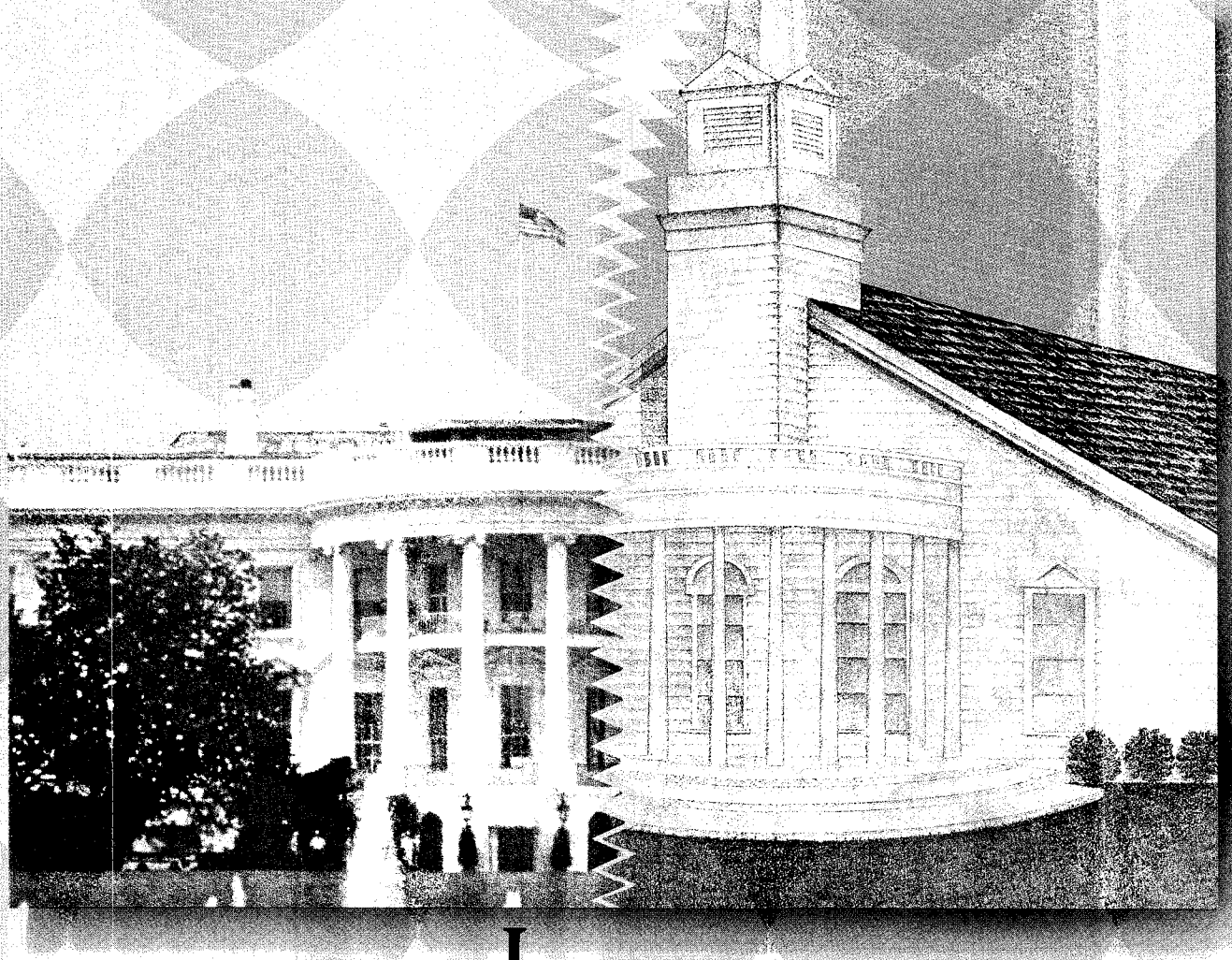

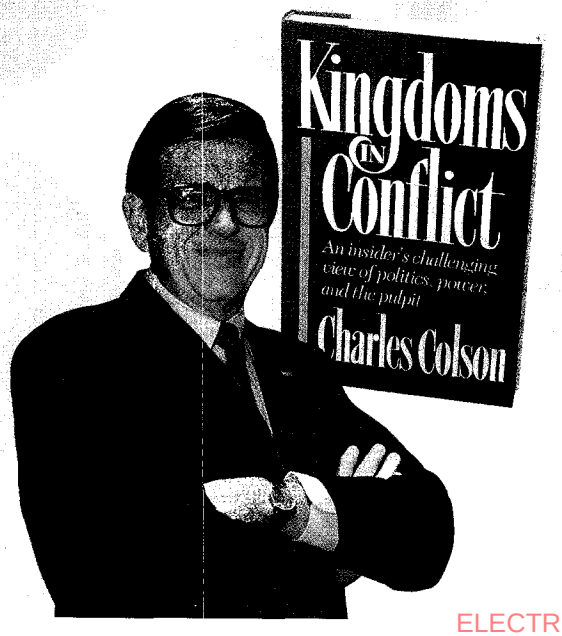

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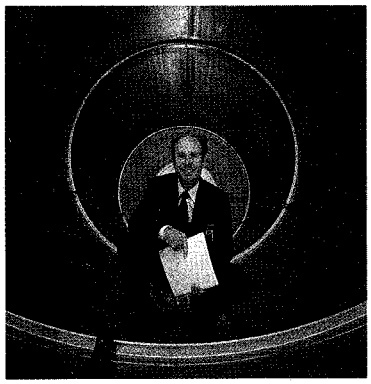

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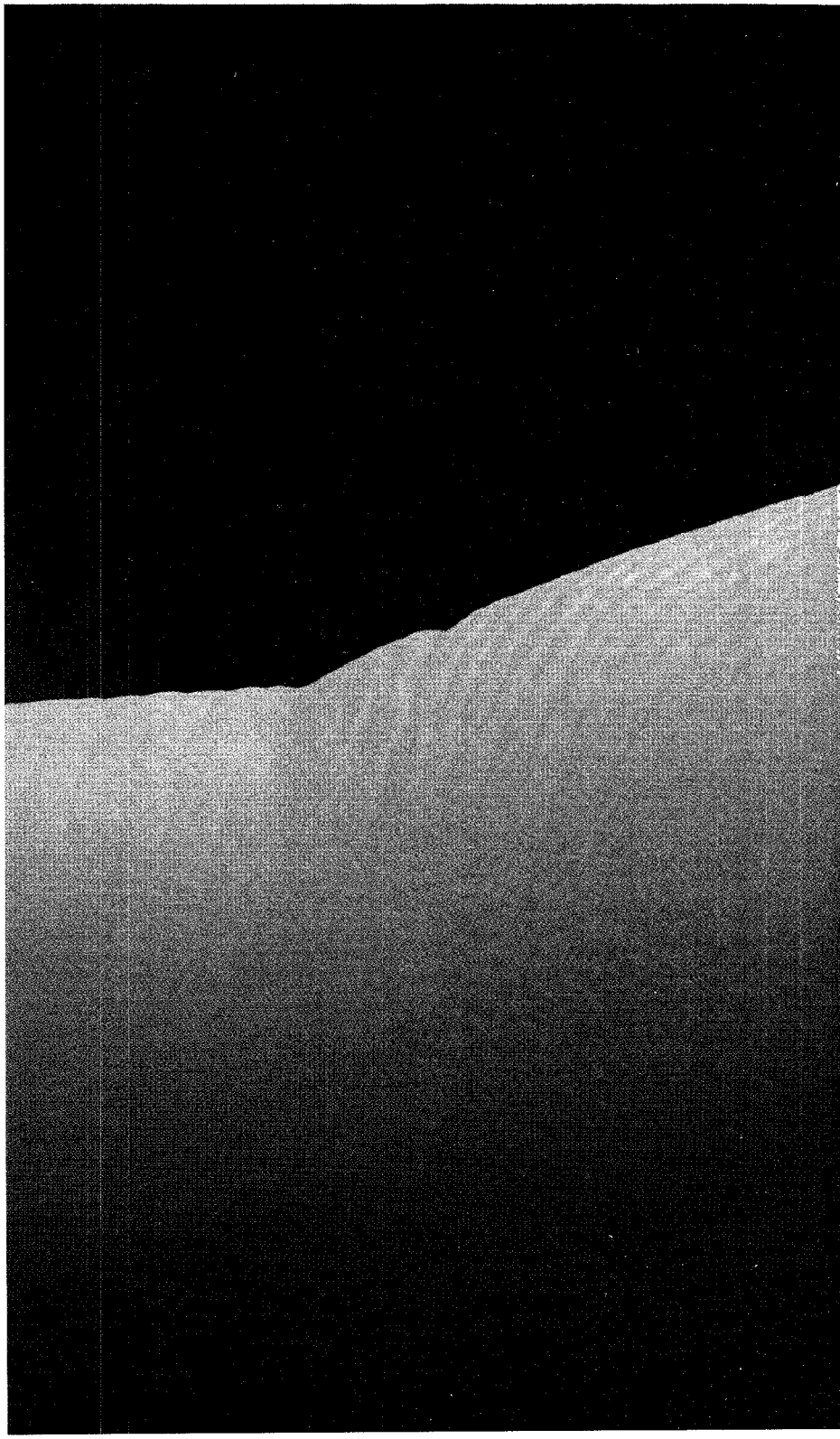

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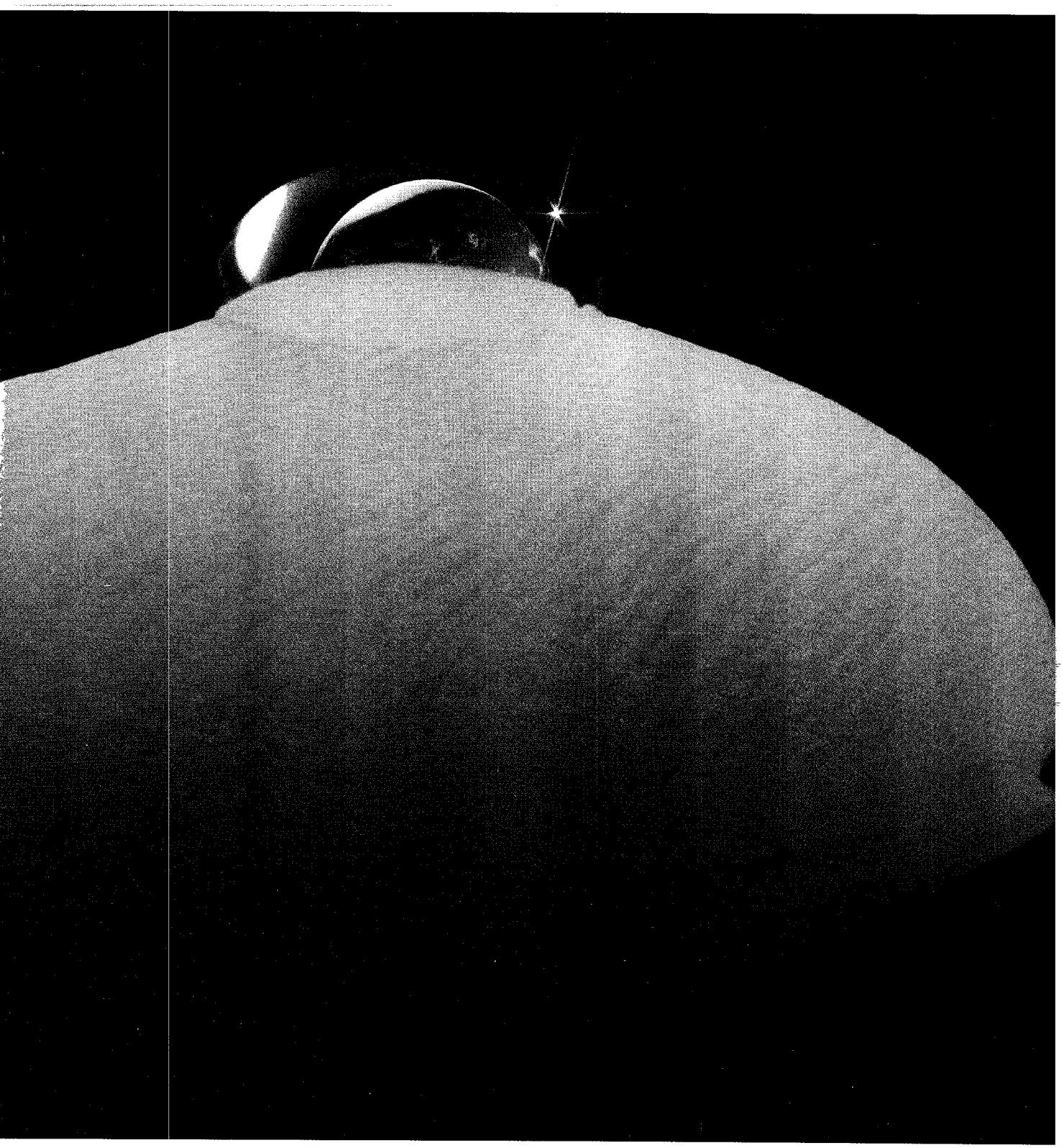

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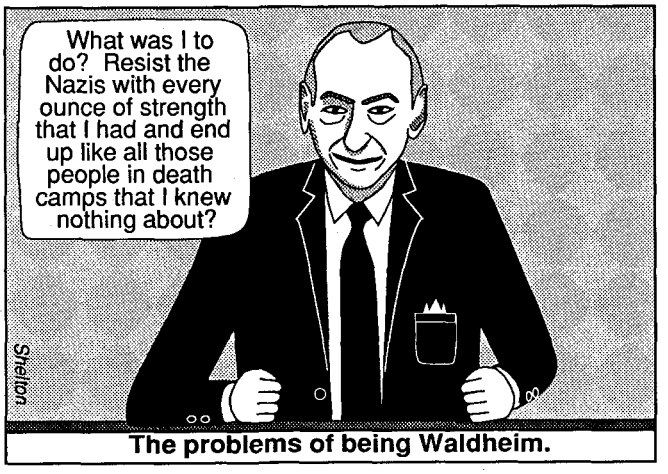
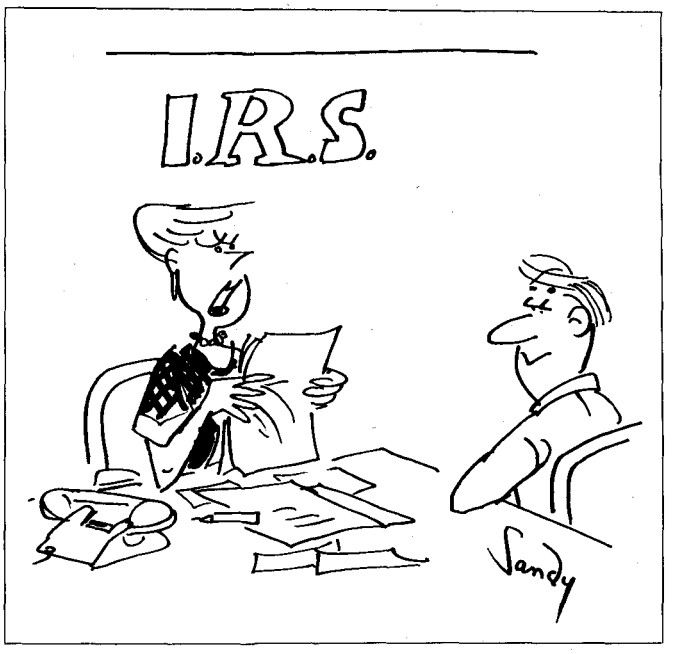

What was I to do? Resist the Nazis with every ounce of strength that I had and end up like all those people in death camps that I knew nothing about?
Shelton
The problems of being Waldheim.



"It doesn't help matters one bit to use Roman numerals."

Tune for an April Flute

In spring my heart is April green.
I contemplate the April scene
  With joy as earth relaxes
And gifts us with a daffodil
As sweet as any—dollar bill?
  Ye gods, it's time for *taxes*!

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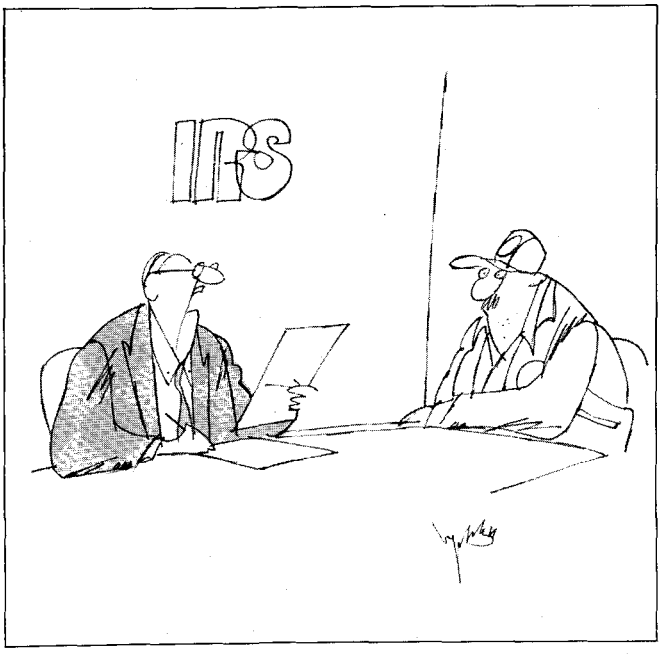
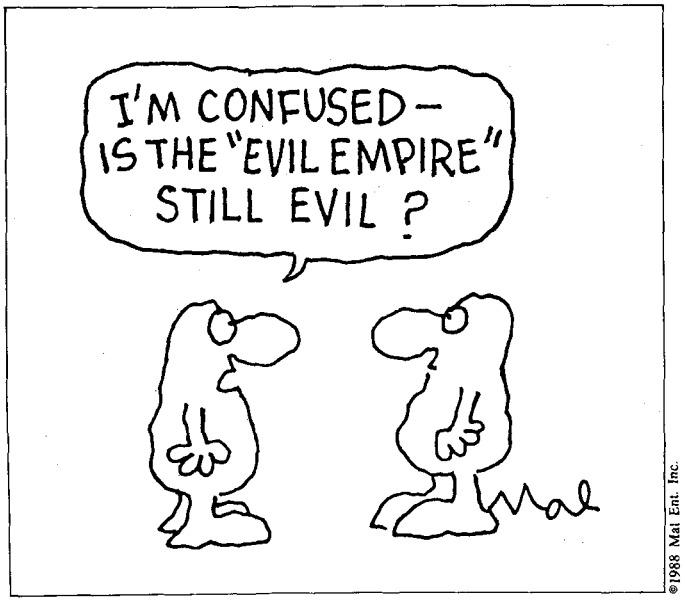


"I see you shear sheep—that's kind of what we do."



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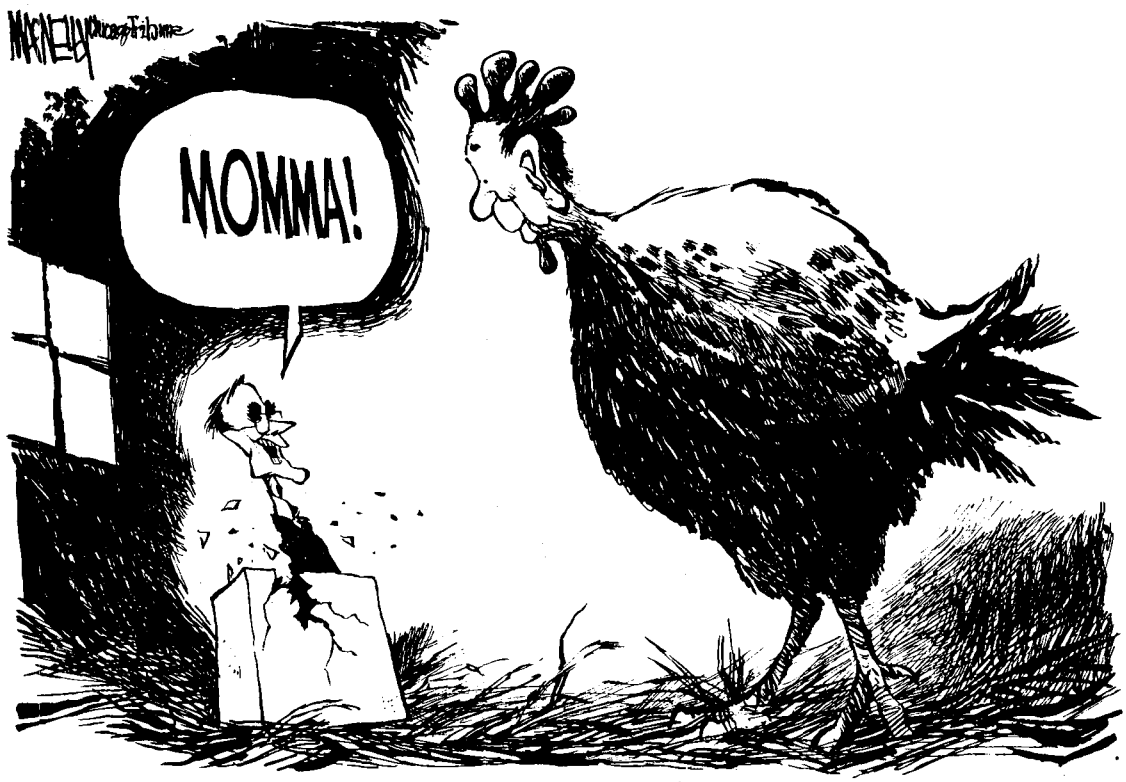

The Heir Apparent.

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THE CAUCASIAN IMBROGLIO

RECENT nationalist uprisings in the Azerbaijan and Armenian Soviet "republics" have focused increasing attention on Caucasia, a region of the southern Soviet Union bounded by the Black and Caspian Seas and covered by the Caucasus mountains. The name, if not the place itself, is familiar through the phrase used routinely when I was a boy, though less often now, the "Caucasian race." There is not the slightest reason to believe that the Indo-Europeans came from Caucasia, and indeed the idea of a single race issuing from there is nicely ironic: as the world has been reminded again and again in the past few months, Caucasia is among the most multiracial and multinational (with between forty and sixty spoken languages), and certainly one of the most divided and quarrelsome, regions in the world.

In the western Caucasus, on the shores of the Black Sea, lies Soviet Georgia, whose people constitute an ethnic question mark, no ethnologist so far having explained their origins. The Georgian religion is no mystery, however: the Georgians are Eastern Orthodox and have their own Patriarch. To the south live the Armenians, also Eastern-oriented Christians; their faith has been described as heretical, although some in the West claim that this is owing to a misinterpretation of their wording in regard to the nature of Christ. East of Georgia is Azerbaijan, whose Turkish-Tartar population is mostly Sunni Moslem.

Formerly independent nations, Georgia, Armenia, and Azerbaijan were conquered by the Russians during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and have since been incorporated into the Soviet Union as constituent republics. Aside from that, they have little in common, except that they are all mountain peoples, with a strong urge toward individualism and independence. Moreover, both Georgians and Armenians consider themselves vastly superior to the Russians and have frequently made splendid careers in Russia. Anastas Mikoyan, for example, first deputy premier under Khrushchev, was an Armenian. Josef Stalin (né Josef Dzhugashvili) was a Georgian, as is Eduard Shevardnadze.

When it comes to politics, this pride and independence translate into a degree of outspokenness unimaginable among the people of Soviet Russia. The last time I was in the Georgian capital of Tbilisi, I was invited into a house where a feast was being celebrated. The revelers let me know without hesitation how they felt about their rulers in Moscow. I demurred only at one fellow's thesis that *all* governments enslave their people. Even so, I found a marked ambivalence in my hosts when I mentioned Stalin. They hated Communism and Stalinism, but were at the same time proud of the local boy who made good. None of Georgia's monuments to Stalin have been removed, as they have been elsewhere in the USSR. He had, after all, bossed the unpopular Russians and thus demonstrated Georgian superiority over the Slavs.

Such nationalism has not yet translated into a desire for actual political separation from the Soviet Union, however, as the last thing Caucasians want is "liberation" by their southern neighbors, Turkey and Iran. Rather, Caucasians seem inclined to direct their frustrations against each other. A strong tension has risen to the surface lately between Christian Armenians and Sunni Azerbaijanis in the Nagorno-Karabakh Autonomous Region—an Armenian enclave, roughly a third the size of Connecticut, in the heart of the Azerbaijan Soviet Socialist Republic. Nagorno-Karabakh originally belonged to the Armenians, who still make up the majority of its population, but it was incorporated into Azerbaijan as a kind of Armenian "homeland" in 1923. Now the Armenians want it back. As huge, non-violent demonstrations shake the Armenian capital of Yerevan, and violent counter-demonstrations spill Armenian blood in Nagorno-Karabakh and Sumgait, the Azerbaijani capital, Caucasian nationalism has become a major thorn in Moscow's side.

Much as Mikhail Gorbachev might be tempted to return Nagorno-Karabakh to Armenia, his hands are not free. Such a move would foment Moslem unrest in Azerbaijan, which is the center of the Soviet oil industry. It would no doubt also alienate the other fifty million Moslems in the Soviet Union, all of whom live rather close to Iran.

THIS PROBLEM looks even more intractable given the failure in this region of longstanding efforts to swamp the various non-Russian Soviet republics with Russian colonists. In the north, the Soviets have succeeded in moving a Russian majority into the Karelo-Finnish republic, and Russian immigration is having an effect in Estonia and Latvia. However, though the Soviets have made a major effort in largely Moslem Kazakhstan, which is today almost 40 per cent Russian, its capital, Alma Ata, was not long ago the scene of bloody anti-Russian riots. And hopes that Russification would quell troublesome Caucasian nationalism have also proved false. Results of the policy are hardly noticeable in Armenia and Georgia, and in Azerbaijan it has run into a serious snag: the Russian birth rate is extremely low while that of the Azerbaijani Moslems is extremely high.

Though no strong desire for separation from the USSR yet exists in Caucasia, one might develop. It has done so elsewhere, notably in the Baltic states. In any case, the prospects for peace in this region are, like the demographic outlook for Russians in Azerbaijan, extremely bleak. □

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INSIDE THE RED-TRADE LOBBY

R. Cort Kirkwood

SOME TIME THIS WEEK, if all goes according to plan, Secretary of Commerce C. William Verity will be winging his way to Moscow for a personal meeting with Mikhail Gorbachev. His mission? To negotiate a new U.S.-Soviet trade agreement, easing high-tech export restrictions and de-linking Soviet human-rights violations from U.S.-Soviet trade. At about the same time (officially by coincidence), members of the U.S.-USSR Trade and Economic Council (USTEC) will be in the Soviet Union to discuss ways to increase U.S.-Soviet economic cooperation. Advertising executives from top U.S. firms such as Young & Rubicam are dropping by to teach the Soviets how to market their products more effectively in the United States. And in the March 25 *Washington Times*, you can catch a glimpse of another kind of history in the making: a photo of the mayor of Belgrade chowing down on one of the first Big Macs ever sold in Communist territory.

Clearly a new day is dawning in trade relations between the U.S. and the Iron Curtain countries. And to those in the Reagan Administration committed to blocking the flow of high-tech exports and government-backed credit to those countries—and especially to the Soviet Union—the future doesn't look sunny. Trade experts within the Administration say Verity has put together a "coordinated effort" to weaken high-tech and computer trade restrictions and increase the Kremlin's access to U.S. credit markets. They say Verity and his cohorts are getting primed for the explosion of U.S.-Soviet trade that they feel is sure to be detonated if George Bush gets to the White House.

The battle lines were drawn when Reagan picked Verity, a former Armco steel executive, who had chaired the President's Task Force on Private Sector Initiatives, to fill the vacancy left by Malcolm Baldrige's death. The U.S. Business and Industrial Council, led by Anthony Harrigan, pulled together an Ad Hoc Coalition to Oppose the Verity Nomination. Says John Cregan, a USBIC lobbyist, "We went all out [in opposing Verity] with full knowledge we couldn't stop his confirmation." Indeed, only 11 senators, led by Jesse Helms, voted against confirmation.

Those 11 had good reason. For one thing, Verity has long been harshly critical of any policy linking trade and human rights. Speaking to his Soviet "friends" (his word) in an interview on Radio Moscow on March 7, 1984, Verity denounced the Jackson-Vanik Amendment, which made U.S. trade benefits dependent on the Kremlin's willingness to allow Jewish emigration. "I think Jackson-Vanik was one of the terrible mistakes that was made by American politicians," said Verity; ". . . I believe that the Jackson-Vanik amendment can be amended so that it won't have the effect that it's had now." In the same interview, Verity called for Most Favored Nation status for the Soviet Union. At his confirmation hearing, Verity emphasized that increased trade with the Soviet Union was a "vital need" of the United States.

ANOTHER MAJOR concern is Verity's close ties to the elusive U.S.-USSR Trade and Economic Council. He was on USTEC's executive committee from 1979 to 1985, and was co-chairman in 1984. While he was co-chairman, Verity worked closely with USTEC executive-committee member Yevgeny Pitovranov, who has been identified as a KGB lieutenant general. More than one government official told me that Verity's association with Pitovranov should have been cause for automatic rejection for a Cabinet-level position. Verity brought along two USTEC executives to a secret meeting with Gorbachev during last December's Summit.

Relatively little is known about USTEC's activities. Although it was officially sponsored by the Commerce Department during the Nixon Administration (the protocols were signed by then-Treasury Secretary George Shultz), getting information about USTEC from the government is practically impossible. Requests by outsiders for copies of USTEC's *Journal* are routinely rebuffed, and its membership list is top secret.

A look at some of the material published in the few copies that I have seen shows why. Dwayne Andreas's grain concern, Archer-Daniels-Midland, runs an ad depicting the East Coast of the United States connected to the western border of the Soviet Union. Not exactly the kind of wholesome image the company tries to project in its domestic advertising. An ad placed by McDermott International offers the Russians "a multinational company which is a worldwide leader in providing state-of-the-art energy systems, products, and high-technology services," while the

Mr. Kirkwood is a Washington-based writer. His articles have appeared in the Christian Science Monitor, *the* Orange County Register, *the* Baltimore Sun, *and* NATIONAL REVIEW.

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Gleason Corporation proudly announces that "more than two thousand Gleason machines and systems are at work in the Soviet Union today. From Kiev to Gorky to Ulyanovsk to Chelyabinsk. We are an active partner in Soviet automotive, agricultural, construction, production-tooling, and tableware industries . . ."; Gleason also claims to have set up "state-of-the-art gear-production system[s]." Nor is the USTEC *Journal*'s editorial copy more reassuring: "Complete factories can be exported to the Soviet Union comparable to new factories that would be built in the U.S. with all the most modern equipment including process controls," rhapsodized Bruce Smart, a former Reagan Under Secretary of Commerce for International Trade, at a USTEC luncheon reported in the *Journal*.

Verity, of course, is not the only official pushing more Soviet trade. The growing influence of USTEC's Red-trade lobby became apparent on April 11, 1985, when President Reagan dismantled the Senior Interagency Group for International Economic Policy (SIG/IEP), the key advisory panel on trade security. Manned by personnel from the CIA, Defense Department, and NSC, SIG/IEP was quite successful in impeding the flow of high-tech goods to the USSR. Under its influence, the Reagan Administration eliminated taxpayer subsidies to the Soviet Union in the form of U.S. Government-backed credits, persuaded the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development to eliminate similar subsidies, convinced the International Energy Agency to cap European gas imports from the Soviets at 1982 levels, and accelerated the development of alternatives to Soviet natural gas. The new security-conscious trade climate was reinforced by a June 1983 NATO communiqué and again at the 1983 Williamsburg Summit. President Reagan also strengthened Cocom, which regulates trade with the Communist bloc.

SIG/IEP was definitely a thorn in the side of the Red-trade lobby. The stage was set for its removal, according to one former Defense Department official, when Dwayne Andreas became head of the President's International Private Enterprise Task Force. The task force recommended (and Reagan agreed to) the creation of a new Economic Policy Council (EPC) to replace SIG/IEP. Although the EPC—a Cabinet-level agency—is supposed to advise President Reagan on East-West trade-security matters, the task-force report purposely excluded the Defense Department, CIA, and NSC from policy-making roles in this field; no one from these departments is a statutory member of the EPC. A former Defense official told me that the EPC selectively deletes mention of security aspects of East-West trade in written and oral briefings for the President.

On December 10, 1987, Verity held an unannounced private meeting with Mikhail Gorbachev, along with Dwayne Andreas, who was then co-chairman of USTEC; James Giffen, president of USTEC; and the ubiquitous Armand Hammer. At the meeting, Abel Agbanbegyan, Gorbachev's chief economist, listed $10 billion worth of trade projects the Soviets are interested in, ranging from

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AMERICA'S SECRET WEAPON

Michael Gazzaniga

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VISIT ANY major university in the country and you can see computer technologies that are staggering. There are computers with awesome capacities that would fit under your desk. Silicon Graphics of California, for example, has built a computer that can handily offer the user 12.5 mips (million instructions per second). Such computational power allows for state-of-the-art design and capacity. It allows for the testing in seconds or minutes of all kinds of engineering problems that would take days or weeks with other systems. When you get the local computer jock out of the game-playing mode he invariably is in when you stop by to see his machine, it is simply mind-boggling to watch how the computer tests designs of aircraft, missiles, or tanks. Yet this powerful machine is available on the open market for $100,000. The Soviets would gladly pay millions for one. Should we sell them such devices? Absolutely not. Computers like the ones made by Silicon Graphics would be immensely useful to the Soviets in designing war matériel.

But what about personal computers? The Soviets want them, but there is a formal embargo on the product. Also a good idea? Probably not. Personal computers are power centers for personal expression. Dumping millions of them on the Soviets would unleash forces the Kremlin does not begin to understand.

The technology behind personal computers is very different from that of machines like the Silicon Graphics system. Computer chips, or processors, come in two general flavors—conventional large-instruction-set chips and the newer reduced-instruction-set chips (RISC). The Motorola 68020 (used in the Mac II) and the Intel 80286 (used in the IBM AT) are examples of the former. The IBM RT and the Hewlett-Packard Spectrum series are examples of the latter.

The idea behind chips like the 68020 is that if you put lots of smarts in the chip itself, then the program required to make the chip work can be relatively simple. Programs for these computers are easy to operate, and the computers run fast enough for most ordinary uses. This is, you might say, a kind of "middle tech."

RISC processors, on the other hand, only know how to do a few instructions, somewhat like the very early processors that could only add and subtract. These newer versions, however, are constructed out of incredibly fast-acting semiconductor materials (known as CMOS) and are somewhat more sophisticated (i.e., they can perform some logical operations besides addition and subtraction). The important thing about them is that they run blindingly fast, because they don't have anywhere near as much overhead as the larger chips (i.e., they don't have to keep two hundred or three hundred instructions in "mind," nor do they have to know how to carry out those instructions). Speed is important for many number-crunching applications, so most engineering workstations are evolving toward RISC processors. This kind of high technology must be kept out of the Soviets' hands.

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waste-processing equipment to bio-technology. Ten billion dollars a year happens to be exactly the amount that Verity used to claim the U.S. was losing because of Jackson-Vanik and other trade restrictions. Commerce officials at first denied that Verity even attended the Gorbachev powwow. Giffen, who confirmed Verity's presence at the meeting, told me "nothing substantive" was discussed with Gorbachev; yet he told Jane Pauley on the *Today* show the morning after the meeting that "We had a very good conversation about future trade with the Soviet Union . . . the level of [non-agricultural] trade could go from a billion dollars . . . up to four or five billion per year and maybe even higher—into the ten- to 15-billion [range]."

Some charge that President Reagan did not even know the meeting was taking place. "He wasn't even informed about the Verity session," one former government official told me. "How can a Cabinet member meet with a Soviet head of state and not have talking points on subject matter not only approved by interagency process, but in a full National Security Council meeting attended by the President?" As one national-security official noted, "This is the kind of policy-making we promised not to do after Ollie North."

With or without Reagan's blessing, the pace of U.S.-Soviet trade (including sophisticated technology) is already picking up. Commerce Department officials, in conjunction with the Kremlin, are setting up working groups to streamline U.S.-Soviet trade in five areas, including (ominously) energy projects; the Soviets already get 70 to 80 per cent of their hard-currency income from energy exports. One former Reagan official told me the new working groups will be "a major watershed change in the way we do business—resulting in the formal integration of whole sectors of the U.S. and Soviet economies." Products soon to be available in the Soviet Union under a new endorsement from Cocom include the IBM 4341 computer and products based on Motorola's 68000 microprocessor. The *New York Times* reports that Boeing may soon sell jetliners to Moscow, pending approval by Cocom. There are also at least ten joint ventures under way between Western companies and the Soviet Union. Combustion Engineering owns 49 per cent of a venture with the Soviet Ministry of Oil Refining and Petrochemical Industry, while Armand Hammer's Occidental Petroleum will invest between $5 and $6 billion to build what Hammer calls "one of the largest petrochemical complexes in the world" on Soviet soil. Hammer, who along with an Italian company owns 49 per cent of the venture, aims to sell at least 50 per cent of its products on the world market—giving the Soviets badly needed hard currency.

Indeed, the Defense Department estimates that "virtually every Soviet long- and short-term research project for military systems—well over four thousand in the late 1970s and well over five thousand in the early 1980s—is benefiting from the documents and hardware of at least a dozen Western countries." In 1980 alone, the Soviets saved half

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Now, there is a natural wariness about handing over any technology to the Soviets. Most importantly in the case of personal computers, there is the fear that, by linking many small computers together, the Soviets could fashion quite a high-powered machine. One may recall that a few years back a Cal Tech scientist successfully hooked together dozens of personal computers in a fashion that allowed for "parallel processing." Each individual computer had its set limitations on computational power, but when they were combined in a particular way, the overall power was much improved. Calculations were carried out in parallel rather than serially, thereby speeding up various kinds of computational tasks.

This kind of computer architecture represents a major innovation in computer design; it has been adopted in principle by the giants such as IBM, and several companies are already marketing this kind of computer. However, in order to be truly innovative, the parallel processing capacity has to be built into one computer with very short connections between the co-processors. Therefore, connecting small personal computers together would give the Soviets some added power, but nothing like that of the new generation of machines that are already in production in America. There are not yet any easy or particularly powerful ways of automatically breaking down programs into the separate pieces that are needed to take advantage of parallelism (although there are recent reports that this problem has been solved in a way that would allow parallel computers to run a thousand times as fast as conventional computers).

So there are potential drawbacks to selling PCs to Moscow. These, however, are more than offset by the fantastic ability of personal computers to create private centers of power. What would personal computers allow the Soviet individual to do? He could create publications for personal distribution in hard copy, and he could disseminate information via computer disks. It would be only a matter of time before a rich underground bank of information—ideas, computer programs, games, you name it—sprang up. Finally, PCs equipped with modems compatible with the Soviet phone system would offer unlimited possibilities for serious networking. The inventiveness of the human mind is unbounded. By giving individuals the power to create and communicate, the computer could play a major role in changing Soviet society.

There are also major economic advantages to be reaped. Beyond making simple profits selling computer hardware, there is a huge potential market for software, a specialty of Americans. It is worth noting that software development tends to come from a kind of personality that flourishes in America. Computer software developers are offbeat. They keep strange hours, have strange, almost anti-social impulses, and, as such, are very hard to find in places like Japan. Thus, while the Japanese continue to dominate in the production of sophisticated computer hardware, their software is just plain lousy. So, once the computers are out there in the Soviet Union, they'll probably need American software.

Give smart people devices such as the personal computer, and they will find means of expressing themselves in private ways, forming literary, social, and political networks that will refresh the Russian as opposed to the Soviet culture. □

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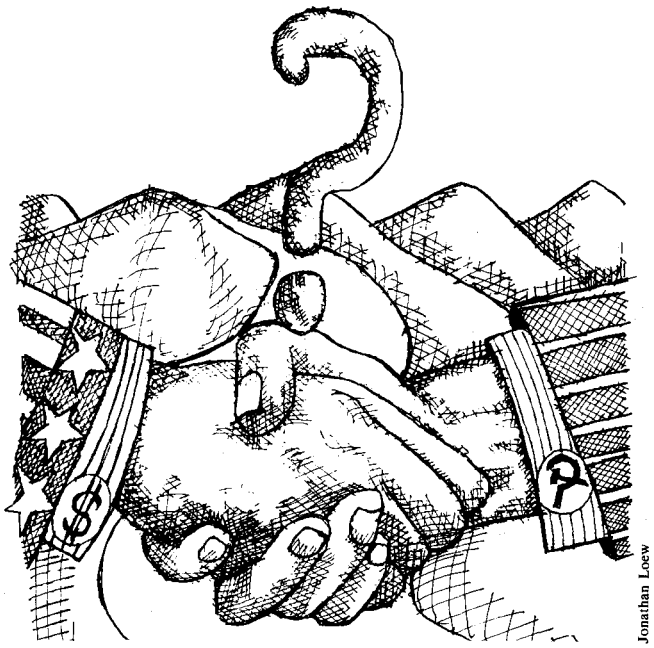

a billion rubles, or $800 million, in research costs through acquisition (both legal and illegal) of Western technology. When Toshiba and the Norwegian state-owned firm Kongsberg Vaapenfabrikk sold the Soviets high-tech propeller-milling equipment, they wiped out a significant U.S. lead in submarine-warfare capability, costing U.S. taxpayers an estimated $30 billion to counteract the very technology American companies had invented.

The Reagan Administration has also begun to soften its position on Soviet participation in the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund (IMF), and the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT). A report the Reagan Administration sent to Congress on January 19 said that, although the "Soviet economic system remains at this point fundamentally incompatible with participation with free-world institutions," if "policy statements" can be "translated into positive action," Soviet participation "can be considered." That is consistent with Deputy Secretary of State John Whitehead's pronouncement last March: "We would like to see the Soviet Union become a member of all these international bodies." Whitehead was recently in Europe discussing participation by Poland, Bulgaria, Rumania, and Czechoslovakia in the Overseas Private Investment Corporation (OPIC), which guarantees loans of up to $50 million for American investments overseas and insures investors against nationalization of their property. Whitehead also eased restrictions on the shipment of sensitive defense technology to Eastern Europe.

Not surprisingly, the report to Congress on Soviet participation in the World Bank, IMF, and GATT had not been approved by a full, formal meeting of the National Security Council. Also not surprisingly, the report makes no mention of the link between trade and human rights (the Administration called the omission "inadvertent"). Micah Naftalin, national director of the Union of Councils for Soviet Jews, told me, "We are alarmed at the pace of pressure to advance trade without reference to human rights by Commerce . . . The Soviets believe they can expand business and trade and credit relationships without doing better. That's the message Verity and Commerce are sending." Just before the Summit last December the Kremlin allowed a number of prominent Jews to leave the Soviet Union. On January 1, Soviet authorities again clamped down on Jewish emigration.

From Gorbachev's point of view, gaining access to U.S. technology and credit is critical. One GOP staffer on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee says that over the last twenty years the Soviets "spent so much money on the military they didn't buy anything new" for other industries; now "their capital stock needs to be modernized." Twenty per cent of Soviet GNP goes to the Soviet military. But that doesn't include the cost of maintaining a client-state empire stretching from Mongolia to Nicaragua. Figures on Soviet hard-currency earnings prove that without continued Western economic assistance and trade, the USSR could not sustain its foreign adventures. In 1975, hard-currency earnings were $9.5 billion; in 1985, $26.4 billion. Preliminary figures for 1986 were around $30 billion—the equivalent of one-fourth of General Motors' sales that year—all from sales of oil, gas, gold, and weapons. In other words, the Soviets don't have an economy.

FORMER NSC official Roger Robinson put his finger on the key issue in a *Wall Street Journal* column when he asked, "Hasn't it struck most Western policy-makers as odd that the Soviet Union, with a total annual hard-currency income of only about $32 billion, . . . can sustain a global empire?" In fact, the Soviets' gross indebtedness to the U.S. rose from $21.8 billion in 1984 to $35.8 billion in 1986, and the *Wall Street Journal* (December 7, 1987) reported that the Soviets are dipping into Western credit markets at a rate of $700 million a month.

These loans to the Eastern bloc are usually made on extremely generous terms: one-eighth of one per cent over the cost of funds, much less than U.S. citizens have to pay for house or car loans. Furthermore, 80 per cent of these loans are untied, meaning they aren't made for a specific project. How serious is the untied-loan problem? One indication surfaced in 1985, when a syndicate of banks led by Citibank lent East Germany $500 million. Days later, $20 million arrived in Nicaragua. Last year, according to the *Wall Street Journal*, when First Chicago gave the Soviets $200 million (at one-eighth over cost of funds), a bank spokesman said, "The loans could be used for the military, but we would hope not. I mean, they do so much of that kind of thing anyway, it doesn't matter."

Jack Kemp and Toby Roth have introduced a bill requiring banks to include information on loans to the Soviet Union in annual shareholder reports. The White House opposes the bill. "I think the pro-Soviet trade lobby is making some real inroads," Representative Roth told me. "I'm not only fighting the liberal establishment, but fighting the Administration."

But Congress alone can do little; the Soviets get 95 per cent of their untied-loan money from the West Germans and the Japanese. These countries and other NATO allies have taken note of the Reagan Administration's new attitude toward Soviet trade. The West German ambassador to Moscow has suggested dropping high-tech-trade restrictions altogether, and West German Foreign Minister Hans Dietrich Genscher suggested in a recent article that "closer integration of the Soviet Union and Comecon is . . . in

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nce upon a time,

long, long ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers? Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody.* Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have—people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And lo these many years we have asked our readers to rrriiippp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. **As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!**

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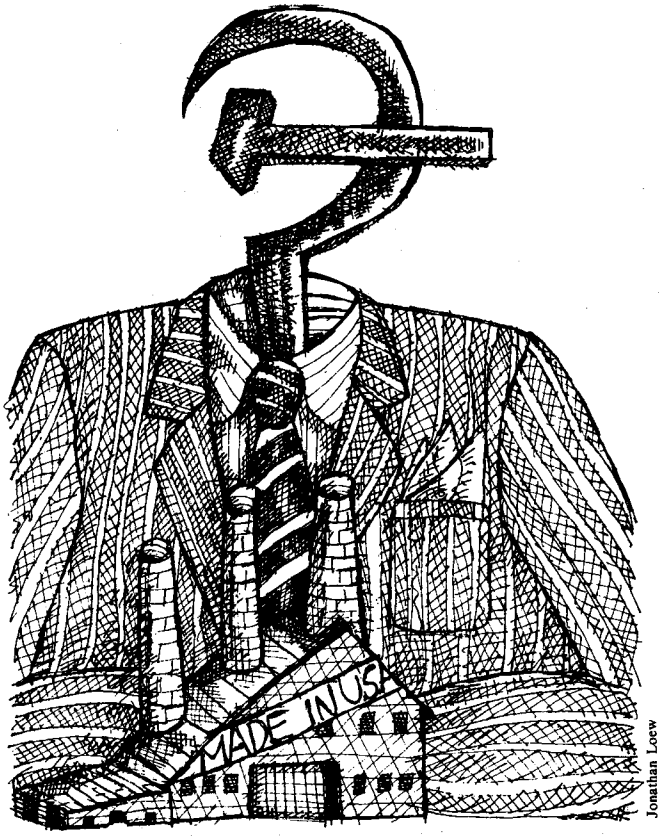
our interest." A few months ago, the Soviets came up with another idea: for the first time since the Bolshevik Revolution they issued bonds; a West German bank arranged the sale of the first $75 million. Watch out—the Kremlin may be holding your pension money.

And Gorbachev & Co. will be putting it to good use. As Roger Robinson concluded in testimony before a House subcommittee, "Virtually 100 per cent of Moscow's global commitments, stretching from Managua to Hanoi, were funded on Western financial markets."

WHEN MIKHAIL GORBACHEV came to Washington in December, many have concluded, it was not merely to get an INF treaty signed; he came to get an expansion of U.S.-Soviet trade. Says Joseph Finder, the author of *Red Carpet*, a study of the relationships between the Kremlin and American industry, "This is an exact replication of [Lenin's] New Economic Policy. Have them set up everything and kick them out. It's not risky for the Soviets. Americans put up the investment. A lot of companies see the Soviet Union as a giant unexploited market. They had the same feeling in the 1920s."

"It is pretty evident that Gorbachev is interested in trade in relationship to his willingness to pursue arms control," says former Commerce Deputy Secretary Clarence Brown. "He needed some method of getting the materials he needs . . . he pays for it with a nuclear withdrawal." USTEC's James Giffen concurs: "If you get a START agreement, if the U.S. and USSR [move forward] on ABM, you'll see a lot of progress [on trade]."

In the last few months of the Reagan Administration, Verity and the Red-trade lobby are laying the groundwork for a new economic détente scheduled to go into effect when Ronald Reagan steps down. When the White House



Jonathan Loew

nixed Verity's plan to appoint Kempton Jenkins (a former Armco official, president of USTEC, and Carter trade official) as Under Secretary for International Trade, Verity boldly announced he was forming an informal "kitchen cabinet" headed by—Kempton Jenkins.

That may cost him some credibility with the current Administration, but Verity is thinking ahead. Said a former Administration official, "This is a setup for Bush or Dole. They are very comfortable with the Eastern establishment/moderate perspective on East-West relations." Brown says: "I think that is correct. It is their ambition to increase [U.S.-Soviet trade]." In recent years, the Commerce Department has lived up to its current nickname: "Bush gardens." For example, when Bruce Smart (who, you will recall, is the guy who wants to ship whole factories to the USSR) resigned from Commerce, he segued into the Bush campaign as chief advisor on international trade and other economic issues.

The day after Verity's first meeting with Gorbachev, James Giffen was asked whether we really want to help turn the Soviet Union into an economic superpower. "I think we do," he replied. People who oppose greater U.S.-Soviet trade are "a bunch of ideologues . . . mental midgets . . . blowing in the wind to get a headline," he told me. After all, he continued, "what alternative do we have? Confrontation? Do we really want confrontation? Or do we want to try to persuade them to enter the community of nations and act responsibly? We've used the stick for the last ten to twenty years. Withheld some assets that might have an influence. That is our economic power. Why not use that in a positive way to encourage them to do things that are more reasonable?" That is the rope-seller's usual pitch. The subtext here is that a fat bear is a happy bear. It would be nice if that were so, but history suggests otherwise: U.S.-Soviet trade reached its zenith in 1979, just before the Red Army marched into Afghanistan.

The next arms-control Summit will give Gorbachev an opportunity to get Reagan's imprimatur on a new trade policy in return for a START treaty. The concessions Gorbachev may get include: an announcement of the high-profile joint ventures discussed in the first meeting between him and Verity; a relaxation of Jackson-Vanik; a commitment from the Administration not to oppose untied cash loans from the U.S. and our allies to the Warsaw Pact; and Soviet membership in the World Bank, GATT, and IMF. Gorbachev's final request, says one analyst, "will be the assurance that George Bush provides the required continuity of these commitments as President."

Thus will George Shultz build a legacy of arms-control agreements, with Verity ready and waiting to grease the Soviets' palms—sophisticated technology; Most Favored Nation status; the above-mentioned amendment of Jackson-Vanik and membership in the World Bank, GATT, and IMF; and ever more loans to pay for Gorbachev's "*perestroika*." The establishment will say Ronald Reagan was all right after all: he "grew" in office.

And that's too bad. Why spend $300 billion on defense if we're going to underwrite the Soviet military too? With a tough trade policy, the West could cripple the Kremlin's ability to project its power beyond its own hemisphere. Cut off Soviet access to hard currency and Western technology, and we can undo the Evil Empire without firing a single shot. □

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CAPITAL BULLETINS

STICKS AND STONES

DOWN IN San Antonio they call him Henry B., but when he's up on Capitol Hill Representative Henry B. Gonzalez (D., Tex.) calls his opponents a few names of his own—particularly HUD Secretary Samuel Pierce. Gonzalez, chairman of the House Banking Subcommittee on Housing and Community Development, recently threatened to subpoena Pierce for allegedly "refusing" to testify before his subcommittee since March 1985.

Gonzalez's wrath first surfaced in 1982, when he publicly likened Pierce to "Stepin Fetchit"—the archetypal lazy black—for his support of Reagan. "I said what I meant and I meant what I said," he told *Congressional Quarterly* this February. He has fine-tuned his wording, however. Pierce, he now says, is "really more like Reagan's Rochester," referring to the black valet on the old Jack Benny show. Gonzalez, counters one GOP congressional aide, is "a bit off his rocker."

In fact, by his staff's count, Pierce has appeared on Capitol Hill at least 33 times since becoming Secretary in 1981. According to HUD spokesman Bob Nipp, Pierce offered to meet personally with Gonzalez in late March, but received no response. Gonzalez's new-found eagerness to see Pierce in the flesh must strike the Secretary as ironic; at a 1985 subcommittee hearing, Gonzalez ordered Pierce to stay away, telling the Secretary that he'd prefer to "submit questions in writing [to you] because I react so emotionally to what you say."

What's really behind Representative Gonzalez's rage? Secretary Pierce's decision to push housing vouchers for the poor, as against new federally funded housing projects. Tom Humbert, economic advisor to Representative Jack Kemp, charges that Gonzalez displays "implacable opposition to good housing policy. He's completely blind to the faults of public housing."

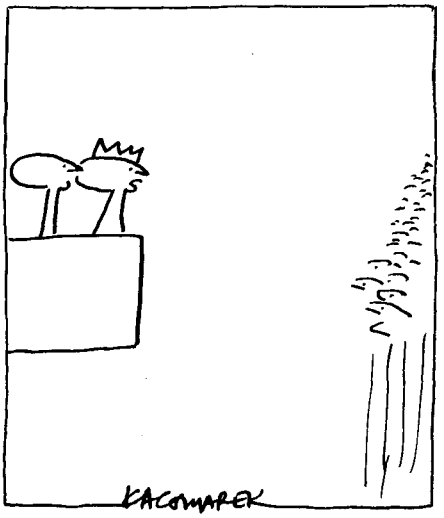
Gonzalez's GOP opponent, fellow Hispanic Lee Trevino, says Gonzalez likes to keep his constituents in big housing projects in order to make it easier to bus them to the polls at election time. "He gets them nice and pre-packaged. To allow them to move . . . would be to dissipate them and lose power."

Though Gonzalez can dish it out, he can't take it: in 1987 he decked a constituent in a bar when he overheard the fellow calling him a Communist. He then called the DA who filed charges in the matter a "craven coward," and polished off the affair by responding to TV reporters' questions with decidedly obscene gestures.

—DEBORAH CANNONIE

A PIECE OF THE ROCK

UNABLE TO sell the idea of government-funded national health insurance, Senator Edward Kennedy has come up with a new tactic: make corporations pay for it. The Minimum Health Benefits for All Workers Act of 1987, recently passed out of the Senate Labor and Human Resources Committee, requires all businesses grossing over $250,000 to provide vastly expanded health-insurance benefits for employees who work more than 17.5 hours a week. Eighty per cent of the cost of the expanded insurance must be paid by the employer—100 per cent for workers earning less than $4.19 per hour. Deductibles are quite low, and benefits generous: of 74 companies surveyed by a New York consulting firm (Towers, Perrin, Forster, and Crosby, Inc.), not one offered a package including all of Kennedy's goodies. Companies whose health plans don't meet the stringent new requirements would be forced to purchase insurance from a list maintained by the Secretary of Health and Human Services. The bill also creates regional health-insurance bureaucracies to oversee compliance and to force insurance companies to offer the plans.



"There's nothing wrong with the rabble that wouldn't be improved by eliminating it."

According to a study by the Institute for Research on the Economics of Taxation (IRET), the bill would double employers' health-insurance costs ($102 billion in 1985) and knock about $25 billion out of the economy. The Federal Government stands to lose $30 billion in revenue (health insurance is partially tax-deductible).

Hardest hit would be small businesses, which were responsible for 60 per cent of the 17 million new jobs created between 1976 and 1984. In order to keep insurance costs down, small businesses would be likely to consolidate several part-time jobs into one full-time position. The Health Insurance Association of America estimates that 2 to 6 per cent of minimum-wage workers would lose their jobs if the bill were enacted.

Witnesses before the committee have called IRET's methodology "fundamentally flawed," according to David Nexon, Health Advisor for the Labor and Human Resources Committee, who points to four studies, by the Congressional Budget Office, Decision Research Inc., and two academics, that estimate net job losses ranging only from zero

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Deborah Cannonie is the Editor-in-Chief of the Rutgers Contrarian.

Nicholas Eberstadt is a visiting fellow at the Harvard Center for Population Studies and a visiting fellow at the American Enterprise Institute.

Geoffrey Morris is an associate editor at NATIONAL REVIEW.

Sean Thornton is a freelance writer based in Washington, D.C.

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to 100,000. Two studies claimed that increased employment in the health field would offset the job losses. The bill's effect, says Nexon, would be equivalent to about a 5 per cent increase in the minimum wage.

But John Satagaj, president of the Small Business Legislative Council, points out that many small businesses don't provide insurance because they can't afford it. "In most cases, if the employees do not have coverage, neither does the owner." Also, workers who already have insurance stand to lose other, more-valued job benefits if government forces businesses to provide (and workers to accept) an expansive health-insurance package.

Chamber of Commerce health-insurance expert Fred Krebs says the bill won't go anywhere this year, but Satagaj notes that now Kennedy has made the issue "one that must be considered in a serious way. That was the objective of the first round: Get the issue of health care on the front burner." —Sean Thornton

THE DEADLY YEARS

The official statistics on American life expectancy reflect an increasingly healthy populace, with average life expectancy rising from 71.2 years in 1972 to 74.6 in 1982. But this rosy picture is subject to one serious qualification: it depends upon a particular, and by no means universally accepted, definition of human life.

Selected Other Nations

	Life Expectancy At Birth (Years)	
	1970-5	1980-5
Kenya	51.0	55.9
Peru	55.6	58.6
Mexico	62.6	67.3
Mongolia	60.7	62.0

Source: World Bank

Following the *Roe* v. *Wade* decision in 1973, the number of legal abortions in the U.S. has risen rapidly: by the early Eighties the ratio of abortions to live births in this country was over 0.4 to 1. If the abortion rate is taken into consideration in computing life expectancy, a different picture emerges altogether. The table shows the effect of treating abortions as neo-natal mortalities. Life expectancy drops from over sixty for a baby conceived in 1972 to under 52 for one conceived in 1982.

There are a number of possible objections to this method. First, it takes induced abortions into account, but not miscarriages. Second, it presumes an infant-mortality rate of zero for embryos that were not aborted; in reality, mothers opting for abortion often fall into groups with higher-than-average risks of infant mortality. Third, it does not take into account the inevitable replacement of "underground" abortions by legal abortions once restrictions are relaxed, thereby overstating the actual rise in total abortions.

Effect of Treating Legal Abortions As Neo-Natal Deaths, 1972-1982

	Life Expectancy at 'Birth' (Years)			
	1972	1973	1980	1982
Actual figures	71.2	71.4	73.7	74.6
All legal abortions treated as neo-natal mortality	60.1	57.6	51.6	51.9
Legal abortions treated as neo-natal mortality, 0.3 substitution factor	63.1	61.2	56.7	57.5
Legal abortions treated as neo-natal mortality, 0.5 substitution factor	65.7	64.5	62.3	63.3

Source: Derived from U.S. Bureau of the Census, *Statistical Abstract of the United States* (Washington, D.C.: Department of Commerce), various issues

Even with these problems, the table may nevertheless provide a good first approximation of the effects of legalized abortion. For greater accuracy, the table also takes into account the substitution of legal for underground abortions, using 0.3 and 0.5 substitution factors.

The figures are rough, but the picture is clear: if pre-natal homicides are taken into account, America's life expectancy drops well below that of Mexico to the level of Third World countries like Kenya or Mongolia.

—Nicholas Eberstadt

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

When the news broke that the FBI had investigated CISPES—the Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador—and other left-wing groups for possible violations of the Neutrality Act, critics were outraged. CISPES spokesman Michael Lent calls it "a form of political harassment." David Lerner of the Center for Constitutional Rights, which uncovered the probe, pointed to groups funding the Contras and asked, "Why aren't they investigating them?"

They are. The FBI has investigated John Singlaub's U.S. Council for World Freedom and F. Andy Messing's National Defense Council Foundation because groups funding revolutionaries abroad—whether pro- or anti-Communist—"could be in violation of the Neutrality Act." Unlike CISPES, however, neither group minds.

General Singlaub has given the FBI complete access to his files. "I encourage the FBI investigation of those groups [such as CISPES] and of me. I think it is very important for our national security. If I am the one being investigated, it should be carried out to prove that I am not guilty."

Messing agrees as far as the FBI's bona fides are concerned: "The FBI is only doing its duty," he says. "They are doing the most they can do, in the most unprejudiced way they can." But he is not so happy with CISPES and its well-publicized complaints: "What I would like to see is for someone to investigate the people who are trying to use the FBI as a political tool."

—Geoffrey Morris

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ATHENS: LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT

Joseph Sobran

The Trial of Socrates, by I. F. Stone (Little, Brown, 282 pp., $18.95)

SINCE I. F. STONE's admirers like to compare him to Socrates, you'd think he'd be kindly disposed toward the old gadfly. No such thing. *The Trial of Socrates* tries to show that Socrates begged for all the trouble he got.

Stone has spent well-publicized years studying ancient Greek and doing "investigative journalism" on the Socrates case. He goes back to the sources and reads Plato (for instance) as a valuable though unreliable witness, gleaning giveaway details while brushing aside all the philosophy as so much mumbo-jumbo—a mystification, you might say, distracting us from the real class interests. This makes *The Trial of Socrates* superficial but highly readable.

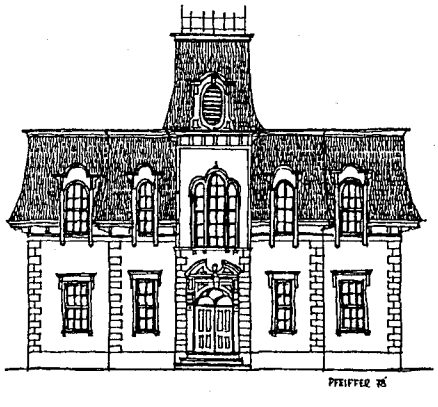
Stone sees Socrates and his disciples as bitter-end holdouts against Athenian democracy, harboring and professing contempt for the city's institutions. When finally called on his attitude, Socrates not only didn't try to win acquittal, he did his best to infuriate his five hundred jurors in order to make Athens disgrace itself by executing him. He deliberately tested the limits of its tolerance, perversely succeeded, and spitefully welcomed his fate.

"I could not defend the verdict when I started and I cannot defend it now," Stone says. In fact he calls that verdict a "tragic crime" and an eternal "stain" not only on Athens but on democracy itself. Still, he wants "to give the Athenian side of the story, to mitigate the city's crime and thereby remove some of the stigma the trial left on democracy and on Athens."

To correct Plato's account, in other words. Two questions present themselves, though. Why idolize "democracy" in the first place? And why put the best face on Athens? The city fell short of South Africa today in both democracy and humanity. You can ignore its slavery, infanticide, and pederasty on the principle of *autres temps, autres mœurs*, but what it did to Socrates doesn't much affect its nature one way or the other.

Stone can't see this. He thinks a great deal is at stake. So he doesn't just take up the historian's task of accurately identifying the provocation that makes Socrates' execution intelligible in local terms: he has to denigrate the philosopher on every page. Eventually he sounds like an old fellow-traveler conceding that maybe the show trials don't put the Soviet Union in the best light, but dwelling on the bad character of the defendants.

This defendant he paints as an idle quibbler, a snob, a misanthrope, a neglecter of wife and children, a sophist, an egotist, a shirker of civic duty. Socrates reasoned "like a free-market theorist" and "a loyal monarchist" (not compliments, coming from Stone).



He was even "cruel" to his prosecutors, taunting them as he did (when they were merely trying to kill him). "He seemed wholly to lack compassion," Stone remarks of Socrates in the *Euthyphro*, forgetting, when it suits his purposes, to distinguish between the real Socrates and the character in Plato.

His annoyance reaches Plato too. Plato was "the archetypal conservative: above all else, he feared change." And also, somehow, "the archetypal theorist of totalitarianism." Plato, like Socrates, "never questioned slavery." (Stone doesn't notice that the Athenian prosecutors didn't question it either, but it's not their character he's blackening.)

To get into another culture you have to get a little outside your own. Stone has learned a lot of Greek. The trouble is that he hasn't unlearned much Marxism. He can only see Athens under the aspect of anachronistic categories: the city was Progressive, Socrates was Reactionary.

And though he calls the execution a crime, he makes it clear that Socrates was guilty, as charged, of subversion:

James Gardner writes frequently on art, literature, and film for NR, Commentary, *and* The New Criterion.

Nika Hazelton is working on her memoirs, Ups and Downs, *for Harper & Row.*

William B. Lindsey, a recent graduate of Harvard Law School, is an attorney in Washington, D.C.

Jeffrey Meyers will publish T. E. Lawrence: Soldier, Writer, Legend *and a second edition of* The Wounded Spirit *to celebrate Lawrence's centenary this year.*

Terry Teachout is a member of the editorial board of the New York Daily News.

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ LEFT OVER FROM MARCH: In *Frontier America: Art and Treasures of the Old West from the Buffalo Bill Historical Center* (Abrams, $35), by Paul Fees and Sarah E. Boehme, are displayed items of Western art and artifacts, including firearms, belonging to the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming, comprising the Whitney Gallery of Western Art, the Buffalo Bill Museum, and the Plains Indian Museum.

☐ MORE APRIL TITLES: In *Secret Warriors: Inside the Covert Military Operations of the Reagan Era* (Putnam, $17.95), Steven Emerson describes the establishment of what he calls a "mini-CIA" by the Pentagon in 1980, following the failed attempt to rescue the American hostages in Iran, and the later development of "Enterprise" under William Casey and Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North. Emerson agrees that covert operations are necessary, but regrets the ease with which they establish a momentum of their own. . . . *Secret Armies: Inside the American, Soviet, and European Special Forces* (Atlantic Monthly Press, $19.95), by James Adams, the defense correspondent for the London *Sunday Times*, is a coruscating indictment of the efficacy of the American special forces in comparison with that of their Soviet and British counterparts. "In the endless struggle between Communism and democracy," Adams warns, "it is unconventional warfare that is the key."

In *The Eagle and the Rising Sun: Japan and America in the Twentieth Century* (Addison-Wesley, $14.95), John K. Emmerson and Harrison M. Holland, both former members of the U.S. Foreign Service, provide a history of trade and defense relations between the United States and Japan since the Second World War, as well as of Japan's dealings with the USSR, China, and South Korea, before going on to assess the likely course of superpower rivalries between Washington and Tokyo.

Magpie Rising: Sketches from the Great Plains (Pruett, $14.95), by Merrill Gilfillan, is a lyrical treatment of the midsection of the North American continent from Texas to Alberta, its human and nonhuman elements, past and present.

☐ COMING IN MAY: *Quinn's Book* (Viking, $18.95), by William Kennedy, is set, as are so many of his novels, in the Albany area, but the time is now the decade preceding the Civil War. In this, as in many other ways, the Pulitzer Prize-winning writer's latest book represents a distinct breaking away from earlier works. —CW

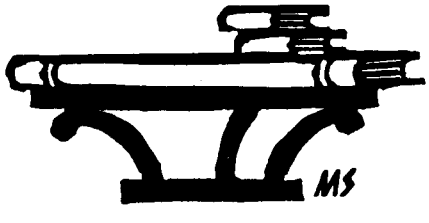
"He had taught these youthful tyros, mere beginners in beardless wisdom, an easy way to make laughingstocks of the leading citizens, the officials of the city, along with its poets and its craftsmen, and of course the *hoi polloi*, the ignorant many, who presumed to vote on public questions and in the assembly."

Stone doesn't even deny that Socrates deserved death. He contends instead that Athens compromised its own democratic principles in killing him. Even so, he blames Socrates for not trying to beat the rap by pleading the rights of "unpopular opinion," and he goes so far as to compose the banal civil-libertarian defense he thinks would have carried the day, if only Socrates hadn't been such a bastard as to insist on being put to death.

Stone also mitigates Athens' guilt by pointing out that it was still nervous about its recent though short-lived oligarchic revolution and about the threat it faced from undemocratic Sparta. "This was not mere paranoia," he cautions, suggesting that Socrates had Spartan sympathies that warranted the mistrust of his fellow citizens.

Given Stone's knack for facile parallels, it's surprising that he misses the obvious analogy. In his own lifetime a democracy has faced a threat from an undemocratic power armed with weapons Sparta never dreamed of and assisted by covert sympathizers (including some journalists) within the democratic country. Every excuse Stone makes for the killing of the apolitical philosopher can serve as a justification for the modern democracy's conducting prudent inquiries into the loyalties and activities of some of its own denizens. In short, he has vindicated McCarthyism.

Tone-deaf to Plato, Stone is unconscious of the figurative power of his own version of the story. If a society can't remove its subversives, at least it's entitled to identify and stigmatize them—which in fact is what Stone tries to do on behalf of Athens. With patriotic pique, he accuses Socrates of un-Athenian activities. But those activities were mere conversations—making "laughingstocks" of other Athenians—which hardly add up to a felony, let alone a capital offense. So Stone has to drag in such irrelevant charges as parasitism: why, he asks plaintively, wasn't Socrates supporting Xanthippe and the kids, instead of yakking in the street all day?



His defense of Athens applies with far more force to the United States circa 1950. Of course Stone wouldn't want to use it that way, but this is a case where you have to trust the tale, not the teller. ☐

A VOICE FROM THE UNDERWORLD

Jeffrey Hart

The Autobiography of Roy Cohn, by Sidney Zion (Lyle Stuart, 284 pp., $18.95)

I MET ROY COHN a few times—a brilliant mind, a criminal mentality, a political power in the land, an ice-cold sleaze. Sidney Zion's book amply confirms all of this, but by its sheer literary power makes the devastating and correct judgment seem banal. Zion had known Cohn for years, and as a civil-libertarian had disliked much of his politics, but during Cohn's last, dying years Zion listened to him hour after hour. In this book, Cohn rises from the sleaze, recreated as a voice, a literary object of the first order, a Jewish Huck Finn and earth-brother of those Jewish gangsters of whom Zion has written often and so well.

In his post-McCarthy years, Cohn had the fix in everywhere. His Fourth of July parties at his country place were attended by hundreds—judges, politicians, celebrities, gangsters, movie stars, journalists, big businessmen. They all came to Cohn's in the summer, as they all came to Gatsby's. If you were in with Cohn, you could get a liquor license in three weeks, instead of six months. Even the mob couldn't get you a license in less than three months. If you wanted a box seat for the World Series, ask Cohn. Big bank loans—easy. Political clout—call Cohn.

The Roy Cohn of public record also comes through clearly here. He graduated from Columbia College and also

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Columbia Law School simultaneously at the age of twenty. The day he was sworn in at the New York Bar he became an Assistant U.S. Attorney; in that job he helped convict ordinary criminals as well as, under the Smith Act, the leaders of the U.S. Communist Party. He played a leading role in the Rosenberg prosecution and, climactically, became Joseph McCarthy's prosecutorial brains.

There is rich McCarthy material in this book, especially about the Army-McCarthy hearings. Cohn's voice is characteristically cynical.

> But the real purpose of the whole shebang was to wipe out McCarthy. Joe knew that, I knew that. We thought we'd win, is all. And we almost did. In true American fashion, almost don't count; what does count is that we keep the hearings in perspective, that we understand they were an illusion, it was all show biz. That way, I can write about them without throwing up.

So far as it goes, Cohn's version is correct, but it is far from the whole truth, to put it mildly. The definitive study of the Army-McCarthy affair appears in William Ewald's *Who Killed Joe McCarthy?* (Harper & Row). Ewald's answer is: Eisenhower, with the aid of his seasoned team. An equally valid answer would be: Roy Cohn.

In the Army-McCarthy confrontation, the Army claimed that Cohn and McCarthy were exerting improper leverage to gain special treatment for Private G. David Schine. McCarthy and Cohn countered that the Army was using Schine as a hostage to forestall investigation of the Army's sloppy security practices. Behind these ostensible issues was a winner-take-all struggle for power between Eisenhower and the Republican establishment on the one hand, and McCarthy on the other, a fight McCarthy was bound to lose.

It is quite possible that Schine—wealthy Harvard graduate, blond Adonis, and McCarthy aide—was suddenly re-classified from 4-F and drafted just before he became over-age because he was connected with McCarthy. McCarthy could well have done without him, but Cohn couldn't. What is indisputable, and documented, is that Cohn applied relentless pressure on the Secretary of the Army, Robert Stevens, to get special leave and special assignments for Schine. He threatened never-ending investigations, threatened to

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"wreck" the Army, threatened Stevens's job; he made scenes in restaurants, and made obscene phone calls. The Army Secretary's office, at the suggestion of Sherman Adams—i.e., Eisenhower—compiled a careful record of all this. The Army's account of Cohn's efforts—maniacal is not too strong a word for them—precipitated the hearings, threw McCarthy on the defensive, and wound up devastating him.

Ewald is illuminating on the essential theatricality of the hearings. The "cropping" of the famous Stevens-Schine photo was an innocent blunder, but looked crooked. McCarthy did present a bogus FBI letter, and was rebuked by J. Edgar Hoover. McCarthy did fabricate 11 bogus memos in an effort to rebut the Army's claims. The coup de grâce came when McCarthy named Fred Fisher, a lawyer in Joseph Welch's Boston law firm, as a fellow-traveler (he had been a member of the National Lawyers Guild, a Communist front, and had worked as a political organizer in Massachusetts with a member of the Party). What is not often recalled is that McCarthy's outburst over Fisher came in response to a prolonged baiting of Cohn by Welch: "Whenever you know about a subversive or a Communist or a spy, please hurry" and let us know about it. McCarthy, up all night on vodka, named Welch's own Fisher, thus setting himself up for Welch's immortal, "Little did I dream that you could be so reckless and cruel . . ." Before a TV audience of ten million, this was the knockout punch.

And it all came out of Cohn's insane, unreciprocated passion for David Schine. Schine was not homosexual, but Cohn was—he became openly so after the death of his mother, when he was forty. From that point until his death from AIDS, he surrounded himself with attractive young men: Zion once innocently walked into a bathroom at Cohn's country place and found one of them taking a bubble bath. And there was the time that Cohn chartered a 747 and threw an orgy over the Atlantic that completely wrecked the interior of the plane.

And yet, though Cohn was extremely promiscuous homosexually, he repeatedly denied that he was "gay" and apparently did not believe that he was. At the end, he stubbornly denied that he was dying of AIDS. He declared homosexuals unfit to teach in the schools and refused to accept them as law clients. It appears to have been a case of extreme psychological denial: he was not a homosexual—he just liked sex with men. Zion's book provides a vivid account of this strange phenomenon.

But above all the book is a stylistic triumph. Cohn, this brilliant, tortuous character, whose primary moral virtue was a kind of gang-world loyalty, is here given a voice, an unforgettable voice that somehow makes up for it all. □

LIFESTYLES OF THE RICH AND ANXIOUS

Terry Teachout

Money and Class in America: Notes and Observations on Our Civil Religion, by Lewis H. Lapham (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 244 pp., $18.95)

UNDER Lewis H. Lapham's tolerant stewardship, *Harper's Magazine* has wandered all over the ideological map, publishing everybody from Tom Wolfe and George Gilder to Christopher Hitchens and Edward Said. Still, one thing has remained constant: Lapham's witty assaults, in his monthly "Notebook" column, on the foibles and follies of what he calls the "equestrian class." People with money get under Lewis Lapham's skin. In *Money and Class in America*, he returns the favor.

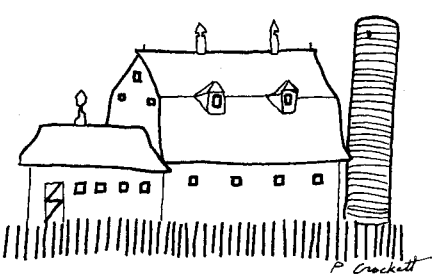
The basic premise of *Money and Class in America*, shorn of the verbal fireworks in which Lapham delights, is that people with money, especially Americans, are boring and stupid and influential—and scared stiff:

> Believing that they can buy the future and make time stand still, the faithful fall victim to a nameless and stupefying dread. They possess all the goods and services that a rich society can afford, but because they expect from money more than it can supply they feel themselves deprived. . . . They worry about the provenance of their shoes and the politics of their dinner invitations, about unknown microbes loose in the rose garden and the humiliation of having to live at a minor address.

On this promising framework, Lapham strings a long and enormously amusing succession of ironic tales of the lifestyles of the rich and anxious. We meet George Amory, who finds it impossible to make ends meet on $250,000 a year. ("I live like an animal. I eat tuna fish out of cans and hope that when the phone rings it isn't somebody dunning me for a bill.") We meet a well-heeled woman whose new Upper East Side residence sports an icebox within arm's reach of the bathtub. (" 'She needs the icebox to chill the cologne,' the lawyer said. 'She said that there's nothing so unpleasant as to step out of a bath on a warm day and have to wear tepid cologne.' ") We learn the delicate nuances that distinguish Old Money from New Money. ("Not being inhibited by what it was taught in school, the new money can send a limousine across town at 3 A.M. for a chicken sandwich, two bottles of champagne, and a complete set of Marcel Proust.")

The flair with which Lapham recounts these anecdotes suggests that he may have missed his calling. A volume of droll stories told by a cold-eyed, Maughamesque narrator who lets the reader draw his own conclusions would have been just right. But Lapham is an essayist, not a storyteller, and he insists on full disclosure of his portentous message. Every pointed social detail is imbedded in a thick skein of political generalizations that ultimately fail to ring true. Why did Gary Hart's campaign go sour? "What bothered people was his lack of business acumen." Why did Ronald Reagan spend so much on the military? "Variations on the theme of dingy humiliation . . . echo through the mournful statements of Caspar Weinberger, the former Secretary of Defense, who wished to enjoy the privilege of conducting simultaneous wars, some nuclear and others merely conventional, on five continents and seven oceans."

Despite the obvious sincerity of Lapham's outrage, the fact is that it doesn't rub shoulders very comfortably with his urbane and infectious amusement at the tales he tells. He is a



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moralist without a convincing code of morals, and when he finally turns over his ethical card at the end of *Money and Class in America*, the anticlimax is thunderous:

> If the heat and light imprisoned in the brilliance of a diamond could be released and transformed into bread, roads, or schools, the worth of the diamond would warm the lives of thousands of people. So also with the human possibility imprisoned in many other sterile monuments dedicated to the majesty of wealth—in cruise missiles and the frantic speculation on Wall Street; in the Trump Tower and Roone Arledge's dramaturgy.

The suspicion eventually arises that Lapham has either missed or, more likely, is talking around the point. Readers of the February issue of *Vanity Fair* were treated to a full-page photo of Lapham sitting on an expensive-looking piece of furniture. The caption identified him as "a graduate of Hotchkiss and Yale, the scion of old wealth—his great-grandfather founded Texaco—" and described "his spacious, bare-walled apartment in the East Sixties." Unfortunately, Lapham plays it pretty close to the vest when talking about his own relationship to the equestrian class. Had he been more forthcoming, his book might have been more convincing.

As for that address, readers of *Money and Class in America* who hail from less rarefied climes are likely to sniff suspiciously at Lapham's claim that if you've seen one millionaire, you've seen 'em all. That may be true on the Upper East Side. It may even be true on the Upper West Side. But the richest man in America, lest we forget, is a fellow from Arkansas who started a homely chain of small-town dry-goods stores called Wal-Mart. He still drives a pickup truck. If he and his ilk, not to mention their part of the country, show up at all in this book, I must have missed it.

"Perhaps I have been corrupted by my upbringing in the precincts of wealth," Lewis Lapham suggests amiably, "or possibly I have lived too long in the city of New York." Fortunately, that isn't hard for the reader of *Money and Class in America* to fix. Just substitute the words "New York" and "the Upper East Side" for "America" and "the United States" throughout. Then you'll be a lot more likely to appreciate the considerable virtues of this very funny book. □

WELL-PLOWED FIELDS

William B. Lindsey

A Guide to Critical Legal Studies, by Mark Kelman (Harvard, 360 pp., $30)

CRITICAL LEGAL STUDIES, the trendy New Left school of jurisprudence, is probably best known for the role some of its members played in the recent faculty spat at Harvard Law School. The actual substance of CLS theory, though, has remained rather hazy, hidden beneath bad-boy posturing and cloaked in insider jargon. Now Mark Kelman, a "Crit" professor at Stanford Law School, has provided a general overview of CLS scholarship. *A Guide to Critical Legal Studies* is a dry and often tedious book, but it does capture the main thrusts of the CLS challenge.

The central charge of CLS is that our legal system is "indeterminate"—in other words, that there are two sides to every case. Of course, the claim is pumped up with inflated language: "*All* rules," says Kelman, "will contain within them, deeply embedded, structural premises that clearly enable decision-makers to resolve particular controversies in opposite ways." However expressed, this is hardly news to the practicing lawyer.

Even among legal theorists, the Crits are tending a well-plowed field. Their charge of indeterminacy is just a rehash of the oft-made attack on legal formalism. Legal formalism, or "mechanical jurisprudence," refers to the misbegotten attempt to erect a science of law in which all results can be deduced ineluctably from a small set of neutral first principles. Its rationalistic pretensions were punctured by many before CLS, including the Legal Realists of the 1920s and '30s, and before them Oliver Wendell Holmes, who declared: "The life of the law has not been logic: it has been experience."

Though Crits admit that they did not discover the open-textured nature of the law, they claim that their explanation for this phenomenon is radically different from those that came before. According to CLS, indeterminacy results from fundamental "contradictions" that run like fault lines through liberal thought. (Crits consider "liberalism"—defined as encompassing everything from the libertarian Right to the New Deal Left—to be Public Enemy Number One.) To put it less dramatically, the pluralistic, liberal political order embraces varied and conflicting values, and the legal order reflects this diversity; thus its rules and principles cannot all be logically reconciled. And this is supposed to be a revelation?

There is, however, a radical motive behind all this pedantry. By pointing out "contradictions" and "indeterminacy" in the legal system, Crits hope to put a dent in the "legitimating" powers of the law. For neo-Marxist radicals, after all, capitalist democracy is a miserable, oppressive, and alienating system; it is therefore puzzling to them that so many people in the West seem so satisfied with their lot. One popular explanation is that ideology (and here, law in particular) can "legitimate" an oppressive system by inducing "false consciousness" in the people. Kelman advances a "cognitive" theory of legitimation, in which law dampens revolutionary ardor by limiting the capacity to imagine alternative social structures. Thus, the CLS project is to declare that the Emperor has no clothes, to break the spell of false consciousness.

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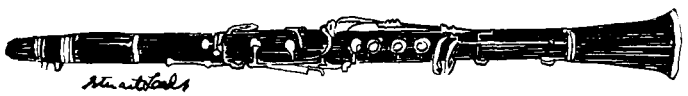
In so declaring its mission, CLS reveals the facile rationalism of its thinking. Though they stand ready to deflate anyone else who puts on formalist airs, Crits unwittingly share the rationalist's premise. At the conclusion of all their talk about "contradictions" and "indeterminacy," the Crits deliver their verdict: liberalism and its legal system are "intellectually incoherent." That is, because traditional Western legal principles cannot be encapsulated in some logically hermetic theory, they are unworthy of support.

Like good rationalists, Crits are blind to the coherence that emanates from an actual, ongoing, popularly supported social order. Coherence, in this light, is a matter of enlisting the continuing assent of those who must live under a given rule. The Rule of Law, by ordering the affairs of men in reasonably predictable fashion, and in a way that comports reasonably well with common moral standards and aspirations, has met and continues to meet this test of practical coherence.

Though Crits are rationalists in their basic premises, they are too disillusioned to follow through. They do not believe in "scientific socialism" or any other Cartesian politics. Having seen through rationalism, but forsaken the Western tradition, where can they turn for the content of their radical utopia?

For lack of anything better, to raw emoting and daydreaming. At one point, Kelman talks about "resuscitating the near-instinctive sense of outrage at gross inequality, selfishness, and the glorification of anticommunitarian exclusiveness." Elsewhere he states: "The spirit of the anti-rights, anti-legalist approach is to abandon *known* distorting categories, to leap ahead, not fully aware how one will reconstruct the world." Kelman is not alone among Crits in his inability to articulate a concrete radical alternative; it is a trademark of the CLS law-review article to conclude a hundred-page diatribe with a couple of pages of vague and sentimental socialist mush. And so, with CLS, we witness the curious devolution of the radical Left—from social engineering to social encounter-group therapy.

It is understandable that Crits would want to reduce political discussion to gut reactions. Given the horrific record of real-life socialism in this century, any political inquiry based on reasoned argument from the facts could prove embarrassing. And so the radicals of CLS play it safe: castigating legalism with abstract, ivory-tower arguments, swooning over socialism with glandular enthusiasm, fomenting campus "revolutions." It may be great fun, but as scholarship, it's frivolous and irresponsible. □



OLD STONE AGE

Jeffrey Meyers

The Life of My Choice, by Wilfred Thesiger (Norton, 459 pp., $25)

I MET THE formidable Wilfred Thesiger at his Victorian flat in Chelsea in April 1979. He had been living among "my Samburu" near Lake Rudolf in northern Kenya, and seemed well suited to the austere life of these naked warriors. Formal, reserved, and taciturn, he would lapse into silence after briefly answering my questions. I finally roused him by asking about the gold medal that the Royal Geographical Society had awarded him for crossing the Empty Quarter of Arabia and about his attitude toward T. E. Lawrence, whom he greatly admired. As we shook hands in farewell, I sensed the power of the explorer, soldier, and hunter as well as the sensitivity of the greatest travel writer of our time.

Thesiger was privileged by birth in two senses. He came from a distinguished family and he was born in 1910 in Addis Ababa, where his father was Minister in the British Legation. The romantically minded boy saw the spectacular life of a traditional people and witnessed the chivalry of Abyssinia going forth to war. These experiences implanted in him "a lifelong craving for barbaric splendor, for savagery and color and the throb of drums, and gave [him] a lasting veneration for long-established custom and ritual, from which would derive later a deep-seated resentment of Western innovation in other lands, and a distaste for the drab uniformity of the modern world."

Thesiger is fundamentally out of sympathy with the twentieth century. He has not only traveled to escape its ugliness, but has also lived among remote people, shared their way of life, and found it superior to our own. His travel writing is not an occasional interlude from "normal" life, but a continuous record—almost from the inside—of lost or disappearing cultures. *The Life of My Choice* describes his encounters with primitive tribesmen and the natural world. He believes other races are entitled to their own moral standards and dislikes missionaries, who disrupt ancestral customs. He was once amused by an African chief who dealt with uncomfortably tight shorts by leaving his fly undone and letting everything hang outside.

Thesiger's ideal is to work and travel, as a friend and equal, among attractive people in unexplored lands. He loves hardship and adventure, and has found comrades most easily among alien races. "Sex has been of no great consequence to me," he observes, "and the celibacy of desert life left me untroubled." The space, silence, and cleanness of the desert taught him to appreciate the basic necessities that Europeans take for granted: "clean water to drink; meat to eat; a warm fire on a cold night; shelter from rain; above all, tired surrender to sleep." He combines Richard Burton's and Charles Doughty's passion for the Arabs with an idealistic desire to serve and protect them.

The young Thesiger saw the gorgeous pageantry of empire in 1918 while visiting his uncle, the Viceroy of India. He was educated at Eton, where he remained an outsider, and at Oxford, where he won a Blue for boxing. In 1930 he attended the coronation of Emperor Haile Selassie, to whom he was fiercely loyal. In Addis Ababa he met Evelyn Waugh, who later enraged Thesiger by mocking the Abyssinians in *Black Mischief* and praising the Italian invasion of their country. Thesiger condemned his superficiality and foppish dress, and disliked him on sight: "he struck me as flaccid and petulant."

In 1934 Thesiger traveled in northern Abyssinia among the Danakil—cheerful savages whose practices included castrating and killing their neighbors—and discovered the source of the Awash River. The following year he joined the Sudan Political Service. In the southern Nuer district,

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where he was one of two Englishmen administering twenty thousand square miles, he dealt with mail, in his floating headquarters, by throwing most of it overboard. He vividly conveys the excitement of harpooning hippos and killing lions.

In 1940 Thesiger was commissioned in the Sudan Defense Force and invaded his beloved Abyssinia—then under Italian control—under the fanatical, Lawrence-like guerrilla leader Orde Wingate, who later achieved fame and met his death while fighting the Japanese in Burma. Although he disliked Wingate's eccentric behavior and perverse urge to alienate his followers, he admired the ruthless idealism that transcended personal ambition. When the Italians were defeated, Thesiger fought in the Special Air Service Brigade, which raided airfields behind enemy lines in the North African desert. He admits that parachuting was his special nightmare, but he jumped from a plane when he had to.

After the war, he crossed the Empty Quarter and lived in the river basins of southern Iraq, which he describes in *Arabian Sands* and *The Marsh Arabs*. His travels in the mountains of the Hindu Kush and the Karakorams, in the highlands of Persia and Afghanistan, are movingly recounted in *Desert, Marsh, and Mountain*.

Thesiger quotes several perceptive estimates of his own character. His superior in the Sudan felt he was rather odd but useful; another administrator described him as "a brave, awkward, attractive creature"; and his Samburu friend called him "Old Stone Age." Sheikh Hamoudi's biblical tribute to T. E. Lawrence applies with equal force to Lawrence's greatest disciple: "Tell them in England what I say. Of manhood the man, in freedom free; a mind without equal; I can see no flaw in him." □

ART

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN

James Gardner

THE FIRST issue of *Modern Painters*, a new British quarterly devoted to the visual arts, fills us with that expansive rush of good feeling with which we greet anyone who dislikes the same people we dislike. Like the *Edinburgh Review* of old, and *The New Criterion* of today, *Modern Painters* was born to do battle. The editors, headed by Peter Fuller, will stop at nothing to win our hearts. They have Robert Hughes attacking Julian Schnabel, Peter Fuller attacking Francis Bacon, Sir Roy Shaw attacking the Arts Council, and, as the cherry to top it all off, HRH the Prince of Wales attacking every building erected on British soil since Buckingham Palace. Even artists whom they champion, like Graham Sutherland, Lucian Freud, and David Bomberg, become human bats with which to beat the international art world.

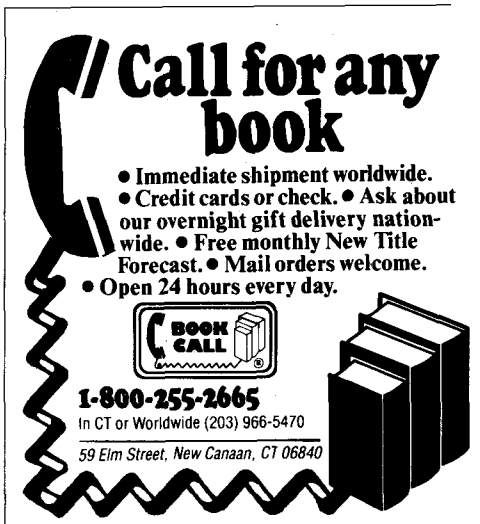
Clearly, *Modern Painters* has its heart in the right place. It is almost unique among contemporary art magazines in not puffing up the art market of the moment, or providing a forum for all hues of Marxist, nihilist, and post-structuralist agitation. The writing, which is clear and grammatical, is mercifully free of the usual art-world maunder. The magazine's physical appearance as well is encouraging, with its ample illustrations, glued spine, and attractive layout.

It is with regret, therefore, that I question some of the guiding principles of *Modern Painters*. The title itself is problematic, deriving as it does from John Ruskin's fossilized icon of Victorian overkill. The beauty of Ruskin's prose notwithstanding, it is not clear why anyone today would seek, as *Modern Painters* plainly does, to follow in the footsteps of a man who considered Holman Hunt one of the greatest painters in human history and who summarily trashed all architecture after 1350.

Now, the resurrection of a critic as truculently British as John Ruskin has much to do with what is called the "Englishness of English art," an elusive quality that the British spend many joyous hours trying to pin down. And they do this because, probably more than any other people, they have a deep and articulated pride in the artifacts of their own nation. Yet there is the brutal truth, which the British seem only subconsciously to realize, that Britain, which has brought forth great writers, scholars, and statesmen, has been, for the past five hundred years, consistently disappointing in the visual arts. With the exception of some very great architects from the sixteenth century to the eighteenth, the number of world-class artists Britain has produced can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Thus when the contributors to *Modern Painters* use superlatives for native artists who probably could not find a gallery to represent them in Manhattan, it is only incredulity that keeps the eyelids from drooping, and the words from dancing about on the page.

Now the British have had their modernists. And they have never stopped trying to beat the French and the Americans at their own game, as though, in keeping with their status as a great nation, they must perforce breed great artists. But, with the exception of a few nice and innocuous attempts at abstraction, their hearts were just never in it. And this is why, with modernism on the wane throughout the world, the British have been so readily polarized into the avidly post-modern and avidly pre-modern.

This is also yet another reason why the choice of title for this quarterly is so misdirected, unless you wish to see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Ruskin as a modernist, which would require a most thorough perversion of the term. Surely there are writers here, like Robert Hughes, who are very much alive to the greatness of the international avant-garde. But for the most part, these critics just don't like non-representational art, or indeed modern art, very much at all. "In Britain," the editors proudly aver, "refusal, rather than acceptance, of modernity has often provided the greater creative stimulus . . . The best British artists have stubbornly maintained the traditions of an aesthetic rooted in the human figure." Now, a preference for representation is bearable when applied to Titian, Manet, or the early Picasso, but not to L. S. Lowry, Lucian Freud, and Sir Stanley Spencer. In the works of these men one finds too often the ghost of Sir Edwin Landseer, who impressed his Victorian contemporaries by painting faithful and furry hunting dogs, whose every hair and whisker could be lovingly distinguished.

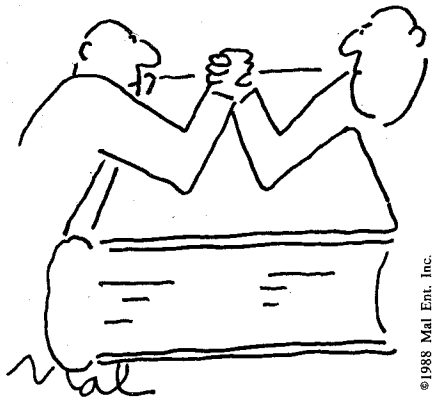
If *Modern Painters* is to succeed on an international scale, as it hopes to do, it will have to wean itself from its parochial affection for English art. If it cannot embrace modernism wholeheartedly, let it retain its antagonism to much post-modern rot, while devoting more attention to the critical, as opposed to merely scholarly, inquiry into pre-modern artists. By this I emphatically do not mean the Pre-Raphaelites, but rather the true Old Masters, and the rich heritage of medieval painters and sculptors, and the ancients. There is a desperate need for such discussion, and the British have a more manifest gift for this sort of thing than anyone else. It might well win *Modern Painters* a commanding position in the field of contemporary criticism, which for several very good reasons it already deserves. □

FILM

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

John Simon

ISAK DINESEN's tale "Babette's Feast" is contained in her last collection, *Anecdotes of Destiny* (1958), and it is one of the author's finest; it is a sort of miracle that Gabriel Axel's film



adaptation does not diminish it. I know little about Axel, a Dane who grew up in France and acted in Jouvet's company (which means he can't be a spring chicken, to use a culinary metaphor this patent gastronome would appreciate); I cannot recall encountering his previous films. In any case, the movie *Babette's Feast* is, like the tale, enormously civilized, steeped in provocative irony, and exalted by strong sentiments eloquently restrained.

Written and directed by Axel, the film begins with two senescent but still comely sisters living in a small fishing village on Denmark's bleak Jutland peninsula. (The tale is situated in Norway, but no matter.) Martine and Philippa, named after Luther and Melanchthon, are the daughters and spiritual heirs of the late dean, who led his tiny Lutheran community in a religion as austere as the land- and seascape, with preaching and hymn-singing as forbidding as the water-soaked and boiled cod and squid and the grim water-and-beer-soaked "ale bread" on which the community largely subsists. Near the start, we see one of the sisters offering an old man typical alms: some pale blue woolens and some earth-colored soup. These will be the colors of the film.

In Henning Kristiansen's masterly cinematography we get—aside from the blacks and whites preponderantly worn by the faithful—mostly bleached earth and sea colors, especially a deadly pale blue that seems to have seeped into everything, beginning with the very air. Much of the movie feels as if it were about that blue—said to be the color of hope, especially of the hope for heaven that sustains the late dean's flock. But this is not a hopeful blue; rather, it is the blue of rinses for old women's hair, of laundry washed in too much bluing—a bilious blue, if that isn't a contradiction in colors, and even if it is. Early on, we get one glimpse of a red shingled roof, but forthwith all is bluish, except for the interiors, where dark wood colors, grudgingly burnished by lamp- or candle-light, extend the visual diet. The mood is enhanced by Per Nørgård's spare, suggestive music.

The elderly ladies have a mysterious French housekeeper—really a maid of all work—Babette, who, for no pay at all, cooks, does all the chores, saves money with Gallic shrewdness in bargaining, and frees the sisters for keeping their dead father's memory and work alive; still, as the aging faithful fall more and more to squabbling, fears and doubts begin to surface. We, too, wonder: What is this Frenchwoman—an ambulantly dormant but clearly not extinct volcano—doing here? Why did these sisters, still beautiful in advancing age, never marry, though they must have been the cynosures of male eyes in the village? Presently we go into flashbacks where, with the help of intelligently used narration delivered by what might pass for Karen Blixen's (Isak Dinesen's) own voice, we are duly enlightened.

Enlightened, or lightened, visually as well. For in these scenes in Danish mansions and officers' quarters, and at the Swedish court and Drottningholm Theater, we get some distinctly non-Jutland colors: the rich cobalt of military uniforms, the silvery dazzle of ladies' gowns, the pale greens and pinks of gardens. We meet Lieutenant Lorens Löwenhielm, a young scapegrace whose gambling debts cause his father to exile him for three months to stay with his aunt, who lives near that Jutland village and belongs to the dean's flock. Lorens falls in love with Martine, attends her father's prayer meetings, but remains tongue-tied before such innocence; he leaves for good, kissing the girl's hand and murmuring that he has learned that "in this world there are things which are impossible."

Soon after, a famous baritone of the Paris Opéra, Achille Papin, comes for a rest cure and falls for Philippa, who has a voice as fine as her face and whom he hopes to marry and turn into a diva. The dean lets him give her voice lessons, and, as they rehearse the seduction duet from *Don Giovanni*, Achille kisses Philippa. Frightened, she makes her father discontinue the lessons. The dean discourages lesser suit-

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ors by telling them not to deprive him of his right and left hands. The two lovely hands serenely acquiesce.

Years later, Papin sends Babette, whose husband and son were executed as Communards by General Galliffet in 1871, to seek refuge with the sisters. A fine French cook, she must conquer her loathing as the sisters teach her the local cuisine. After still more years, as the late dean's hundredth birthday approaches, a lottery ticket steadily renewed for her by a Parisian friend wins Babette the grand prize of ten thousand francs. She extracts permission from the sisters for a memorial dinner—a real French one—at her own cost. Sparing no expense on ingredients imported from France, she prepares a magnificent feast, though the sisters and the faithful vow to consume without yielding to sensuous pleasures, without praising or complaining, whatever unusual things are served them. As it happens, the aged aunt brings along the now General Löwenhielm, who, flabbergasted, is the only one to appreciate the magnificence of the food and drink.

But, in a generally unacknowledged way, everyone is affected, improved by this meal. The old faithful, without a word of thanks to the cook, bury their puny hatchets; the dean's memory has benefited from the glow of champagne and the patina of caviar; Lorens is reminded of the greatest dinner he ever had, at the Café Anglais in Paris (where the chef was, incredibly, a woman), and realizes as well that, as he has never forgotten Martine or been forgotten by her, they were always together in a shared absence; the sisters, who thought they were about to lose their incomparable servant, learn that she will stay on, having blown the ten thousand francs—dinner for 12 at the Café Anglais costs just that.

Yet what is in it for "poor Babette"? She is told by her employers that she shouldn't have given it all away for "our sake." "For your sake? No. For my own." And Babette declares, "I am an artist. An artist is never poor." (In the tale, she calls herself a "great artist"; the screenplay is more modest.) And, of course, it is revealed that *she* was the chef at the Café Anglais.

The general comprehends that, "if not in the flesh, which means nothing, in spirit, which is all . . . in this world anything is possible"—something he did not know as a lieutenant—as he and Martine reaffirm their union in separation. And if this awareness came through the bliss of a meal, didn't the general say about the chef of the Café Anglais that her dinners were "love affairs . . . in which one no longer distinguishes between bodily and spiritual appetite or satiety"? Still, not all ironies are so benign. General Galliffet, who declared that he would gladly shed his blood for that chef, is the very one who had her menfolk executed as Communards, a fate she would have shared but for her escape. And Achille Papin, who indirectly made Babette's feast possible, is an artist who, as he wrote in the letter of introduction he gave Babette, is now "grey, lonely, forgotten." Justice exists only in heaven, where Philippa's singing (so writes Papin) and Babette's cooking (so, in the end, says Philippa) "will enchant the angels."

A film full of artistry. Observe how the color red—of blood, passion, life—starts reappearing at the end. First in a brief shot of red winter berries on a bush; then in a red plush chair at his aunt's house, where General Löwenhielm debates his younger self; finally, and gloriously, in the big red lapel of his dress uniform at the feast, reinforced by the gold of his sash and epaulets. The triumph of the film, though, is in the subtlety of the script and performances. Even Jarl Kulle, who has been known to overact, is restrained as the general, and Stéphane Audran, although a bit too glamorous for Babette, can do wonders with a look, such as the expression of muzzled contempt with which she endures a lesson in how to cook typical Jutland fare. Hanne Stensgård and Vibeke Hastrup are fine as the young sisters; as the older ones, Bodil Kjer and Birgitte Federspiel are even better—especially Miss Federspiel, whose face exudes spiritual beauty. Only Jean-Philippe Lafont, as Papin, though a real singer, is not seductive enough.

And what does the audience get from all this? At the public performance I attended, there was gushing, moaning, and drooling of a downright sexual sort during the banquet scenes, such as, in all my moviegoing, I have never witnessed during a sex sequence. But is that what *Babette's Feast* is about? □

DELECTATIONS

BARGAINS FROM ABROAD

Nika Hazelton

NOW THAT WINE, especially French wine, is getting more expensive, other countries on other continents are trying to win a share of the profitable American market. They have been offering their products at bargain prices, hoping to steal away some of the affection we bestow upon our native American wines and on the French and Italian imports.

It will be an uphill struggle. What they forget is that France and Italy have worked hard and long at this game. French wines are still considered the most elegant of the lot, as well they should, considering the high standards maintained by the *appellation-contrôlée* system. (Of course, not all French wines are *appellation-contrôlée*. Fortunately for French prestige, few Americans have ever drunk that horrible *coup de rouge* or *coup de blanc* that the less-well-off in France have to swallow; compared to these truly awful potions, our jug wines are sheer bliss.)

Italy too has now achieved a firm position in the U.S. wine market; no other country has spent so much time and work on that project. For example, the Italian government maintains an *enoteca*, a wine display and tasting place, in the Italian Trade Commission in Manhattan. It also holds innumerable wine tastings; producers come and flog their wares very intelligently; wine journalists are taken to Italy all the time; and so on.

Now, as I say, some non-European countries are struggling to find a place in the American wine market, notably Australia, Chile, and Argentina. But, in my opinion, only the Australians are making the effort and spending the money it will take to succeed. In New York City, the Australian Trade Com-

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mission holds frequent wine tastings, and its wine specialists tell me that in the New York metropolitan area there are about forty Australian wines currently available. I honestly do not know how many of these are available throughout the country, but I would advise wine lovers to look around for them. (I write from the point of view of someone who is always looking out for bargains for the family's daily drinking.) Australian wines are apt to be big and robust rather than elegant and delicate, but I have invariably found them to be good and carefully made, and the ones I have liked all sell for less than ten dollars a bottle.

Remember the dear old days when a bottle of good Chilean red cost 99 cents in New York? Chilean wines are once more available here. Inflation being what it was throughout the Seventies, 99 cents now translates into four or five dollars; but even the more expensive Chilean imports all sell for less than ten dollars a bottle. Again, many more are to be found in Manhattan than in Peoria, though you will learn from the importers and their public-relations firms that their wines

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TWO DAYS after the disastrous explosion of a nuclear reactor at Chernobyl on April 26, 1986, TASS announced: "The accident at the Chernobyl power station is the first one in the Soviet Union. Similar accidents happened on several occasions in other countries. In the United States, 2,300 accidents, breakdowns, and other faults were registered in 1979 alone." (A Radio Moscow science correspondent shortly raised the figure to twenty thousand, and asserted that "hundreds of [these] rated as particularly serious.") "Don't [Westerners] know," demanded Georgi Arbatov, head of the Institute of the U.S.A. and Canada, "about the dozens of accidents during the operations of [their own] military nuclear technologies, including the two cases involving U.S. submarines?"—his implication being that no similar incidents had occurred on the Soviet side. And on May 14, Mikhail Gorbachev, the architect of *glasnost*, stated bluntly, "For the first time ever we encountered in reality such a sinister force as nuclear energy that has escaped control." *Glasnost* or no, that statement in particular was a bold-faced lie: for thirty years, Western intelligence has been speculating on the nature of a nuclear disaster that occurred near the city of Sverdlovsk in the Ural mountains in 1958, one of the innumerable incidents discussed by James E. Oberg in *Uncovering Soviet Disasters: Exploring the Limits of Glasnost* (Random House, $19.95).

"The purpose of this book," Oberg avers, "is to restore a balance to an existing and clearly unbalanced body of literature, which ranges from official Soviet 'success stories,' by the Soviets or sycophantic admirers, to the most rabid of the anti-Soviet 'dirty linen' collections." The West stands to learn from an informed accounting of Soviet mistakes and misadventures, Oberg believes, and so, in clear, relaxed, occasionally inaccurate journalistic style (unfortunately marred by his publisher's excessively Random editing) he chronicles anthrax infections, nuclear explosions, commercial-plane crashes, rocket blow-ups, submarine sinkings, satellite plummetings, cosmonaut deaths, and mine disasters; the cumulative effect of which is almost to make one discount the threat of the Soviet equivalent of SDI until one recalls that, as the author reminds us, what we have here is only the corrective other half of the story. It all makes for extremely interesting and entertaining reading, by no means in the cynical sense those adjectives might suggest. In no instance does Oberg gloat over tragedy; indeed, he has dedicated his book to "Grigoriy Nelyubov, an unfortunate cosmonaut and official non-person, and other unremembered victims."

Russian secrecy, of course, is a centuries-old tradition, long antedating the present Marxist-Leninist regime. Onto this tradition, however, the Soviets have grafted their highly utilitarian and relativistic notion of truth, as applied to the theory of journalism by a one-time director of TASS who stated: "News should not be merely concerned with reporting such and such a fact or event. News or information must pursue a definite goal: it must serve and support the decisions related to fundamental duties facing our Soviet society . . ." *Glasnost*, Oberg argues, has in fact encouraged Russian newsmen to pursue more aggressively stories unappreciated by government functionaries; "it has already brought about some remarkable revelations in some limited areas." For example, the Chernobyl meltdown, he believes, "came to symbolize the eventual victory of openness over reflexive secrecy." On the other hand: "There has yet to be a Soviet disaster announced in progress, as true *glasnost* should require. . . . [The new] 'openness' is broad, indeed, but not universal by any means, and it is shallow, very shallow."

Meanwhile, one fact to emerge very plainly from this book is that Soviet technology remains in many ways as crude as the propaganda with which the government covers over its deficiencies. Oberg has compiled a catalogue of oversight and ineptitude so gross as to suggest at times Stone Age men handling Space Age tools, and frequently compounded by a criminal willingness to risk human life for ideological pride. (Oberg's account of the catastrophic explosion, in 1960, of a Mars-bound space vehicle on the pad, in which scores of men were killed, points to the *Challenger* disaster 26 years later while at the same time dwarfing it; though Oberg considers this to have been one of those incidents that, if they had been made known to the West, could have prevented similar tragedies from occurring later on.) In certain cases, particularly those involving the Soviets' push to rival the United States in the development of nuclear weapons, the government saw not risk but certainty of human injury, and yet proceeded anyway with its "nuclear gulag," where political prisoners were put to work, without any protection whatever, in lethally radioactive environments; following their slow deaths by radiation poisoning, their bodies were dumped into mass graves, and they were replaced by busloads of fresh victims. This story, most extensively recounted by Avraham Shifrin (an émigré now living in Israel), without doubt accounts for the most horrific material in *Uncovering Soviet Disasters.* □

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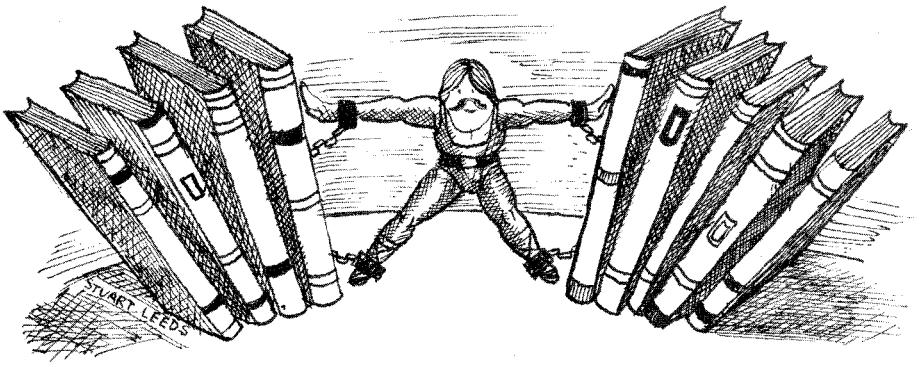
are nationally available (if you believe them, which I do not). Of the Chilean imports, I know Santa Rita best, and I like their Chardonnays and Sauvignon Blancs. Their reds, especially the Cabernet 1984 Medalia—deservedly the winner at the Gault-Millau World Wine Olympics—are also excellent. And, would you believe it, Santa Rita is actually owned by Owen Glass of Illinois.

Argentina has done the least so far in the way of importing and advertising, but Argentine wines, if you can find them, are a good bargain as well. I am told by the Argentines' publicity firm that about a dozen producers so far are importing Argentine wines into this country—again, mostly into New York City. The reds are better than the whites, which are on the bland side. Both are inexpensive, averaging about five dollars a bottle.

Since I am talking here about good bargains for daily drinking, and not a splurge for a special occasion, you might well want to think about buying by the case rather than the bottle. However, I implore you to try a single bottle of any wine first, to see if it is really something you will want to plow through a case of. (This advice, by the way, goes for any wine, cheap *or* expensive.) Also, once you know what you want, do check to make sure that the case you receive is really the same wine you tasted. I know, having learnt this lesson the hard way. But if you do make a mistake, cheer up. A case of cheap wine, or even of a medium-expensive one, will cost less than an ill-functioning major appliance or an inauthentic painting. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF



Patriot Games, by Tom Clancy (Putnam's, 540 pp., $19.95)

TOM CLANCY's earlier best-selling action novels, *The Hunt for Red October* and *Red Storm Rising*, dealt with Soviet-American confrontations. This time he has taken on international terrorism, specifically a left-wing splinter group of the Provisional IRA whose attempted kidnapping of members of the royal family in London is heroically foiled by a visiting Irish-American ex-Marine who teaches at Annapolis and freelances for the CIA. The terrorists, in turn, bring their struggle to the United States as they seek revenge on him and his family. The book touches a sensitive nerve in some conservative Irish-American circles, especially since the dust-jacket acknowledges the author's having conferred with "British secret anti-terrorism specialists." But the hero early in the book presents a more realistic perspective when he explains to a curious Queen why he risked his life to impede Irish terrorists: "Your prototypical Irish-American is still a basic police officer or fire-fighter. . . . In America we are the forces of order, the glue that holds society together." The book is reminiscent of the Frederick Forsyth novels in its lively description of highly technical activity such as implanting explosives or viewing reconnaissance-satellite photography. The heroes are the CIA, the FBI, Scotland Yard, the United States Navy, and the United States Marines. The mildly erotic scenes involve husband and wife, and the hero and his close associates talk very much about their children, current, expected, or desired. While the Ancient Order of Hibernians might not like the book, the Knights of Columbus and the American Legion ought to love it. *Patriot Games* should encourage second thoughts by those Irish-American politicians who ask for a special American intermediary role in Northern Ireland, a role that ultimately could require the presence of the Marines.

JOHN P. MCCARTHY

Enigma: The Life of Knut Hamsun, by Robert Ferguson (Farrar, 488 pp., $30)

I FIRST READ the novels of the Norwegian Nobel Prize-winner Knut Hamsun in the halcyon days just before World War II. Those novels, especially *Growth of the Soil* and *Hunger*, have become revivified for me by Robert Ferguson's outstanding biographical study. It is astonishing to think that this is the first substantial biography of Hamsun in English; it is destined to remain the best such study in any language for many years to come. We know practically nothing about Hamsun in this country—that he spent some of his early years here, returning eventually to Norway to become perhaps the dominant shaper of modern European literature. One can go through the latest of many oversized studies of Hemingway, for example, and yet find no reference at all to the influence that Hamsun had on the famous Hemingway style. Hamsun was also indifferently received in England, and was, in turn, icy in his extreme disenchantment with the English. It is indeed in the whole matter of Hamsun's obsessive prejudices and even hatreds that Robert Ferguson's biography makes the most shocking revelations. I have learned here that Hamsun was granted an audience with Adolf Hitler at a particularly crucial point in the War, and that he would later publish the most pandering type of necrology on the death of the dictator. In short, Hamsun was Norway's Ezra Pound, and then some. Ferguson is eminently objective in coming to terms with this terrible and dark side of Hamsun, but just as eminently refuses to discredit on that account alone the great body of Hamsun's writings. Moreover, Hamsun himself came to a kind of accommodation with his own past in the mellowing of a very long life. His last book, *On Overgrown Paths* (1949), is an extended meditation that is full of melancholic wisdom and a touch of self-mockery. Ferguson's book reconciles us to the knowledge that Hamsun himself attained so late—almost too late: that it was only when Hamsun had ceased to describe the essential simplicities of life that he lapsed into gross error and presumption.

THOMAS P. MCDONNELL

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Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

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'JUSTICE' AND THE IRAN–CONTRA TRIAL

NEW YORK, MARCH 30

WILL RONALD REAGAN pardon the Iran-Contra defendants? The answer to that question, transcribed by Press Secretary Marlin Fitzwater, is: "We do not talk about pardons. Period." This will not deter the prurient, or the morally inquisitive, from asking the question: Ought the President to pardon them? The public's knowledge of the case is pretty well limited to the television extravaganza of last summer. On the basis of what one saw there, the impulse (let us focus on Colonel North and Admiral Poindexter: the other two are more complicated) would clearly be: Yes, he should pardon them. But there is a complication. It is this: Were their misrepresentations a plausible understanding of their duty to presidential foreign-policy vectors? The initial impression is that this was so. Why? Because Mr. Reagan many months ago said that he thought of Colonel North as a "hero." And second, because as recently as a week ago, Mr. Reagan said that he knew of "no crime" committed by either of the two men.

This doesn't mean that they didn't commit a crime (Mr. Reagan cannot be expected to be fully familiar with what North-Poindexter said under oath to Prosecutor Walsh). The most that we can safely infer from apparent relationships is that, although Mr. Reagan did not know that surplus funds from a covert operation in Iran were being used to help subsidize the Contra operation, the success of that operation was dear to his heart, and the tangle in Congress (yes to Contra help on Monday, no on Tuesday, yes on Wednesday . . .) was responsible for the Executive presumption that he was never actually defying the settled will of Congress. At some point, if his subordinates are convicted, Mr. Reagan will need to concentrate on the question whether they were acting in defiance of the law. And, even more important, whether their acting so is the principal criterion he needs to consult. After all, the whole idea of granting the President the right to pardon acknowledges that the President's judgment is permitted to transcend the law.

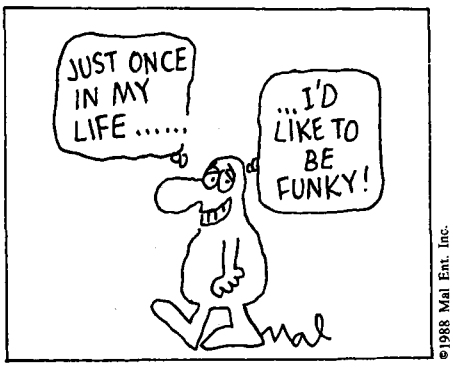
Pride! Here is how one observer, who has published eight novels attempting to probe the mind-breaking problems of a democracy that seeks to be governed by the law and to engage in certain kinds of covert activity, views the political implications of the prosecution.

Reagan's opponents (who tend to be anti-Contra, for various reasons) are good and sore about the popular triumph of Oliver North while on the stand. His appeals to patriotism, duty, and the cause of anti-Communism struck these observers as fundamentalist, and corrosive of the majesty of the law. It is for this reason that, for every million viewers North won over, 100,000 viewers were determined that, ultimately, he should be punished for his contumacious bravura.

That passion was married to the passion of Prosecutor Lawrence Walsh. Inevitably, pride here also plays a part. It is professionally embarrassing to lead a team of 29 lawyers on a $5-million paper chase and not come up with something. So he has done so—enough counts, if North were found guilty on all of them and given the maximum sentence for each, to send him to jail for 85 years. Prosecutor Walsh recognizes that there is always the threat that the entire case will be thrown out on the grounds that the immunities granted by Congress to North-Poindexter would only be exercised if the government came up with a jury that spent last year in a Trappist monastery in Tierra del Fuego. Everybody else (it will be argued) would proceed to pass judgments with some reference to his pre-exposure to the case.

But, of course, egging on the prosecution, especially on the matter of scheduling, is the entire Democratic political engine. If a jury can be persuaded to pronounce North-Poindexter guilty, then (it is hoped) the toxic exhaust from the episode will recontaminate the Reagan Administration and, most important, the second most important figure in it, George Bush. One can imagine the boon to the Democrats if the campaign and the trial ran concurrently, permitting reporters at every press conference to ask candidate Bush his opinion of the preceding day's developments. Never mind that he will have the packaged (and proper) answer, that he cannot comment on a trial in motion. The audience is there, heard the question, was reminded of its embarrassing implications.

If defense counsel's motions fail and it goes to trial, and Reagan concludes that a pardon is in order, would he then give it pre-emptively? No. That would be psychologically impossible. It is appalling and humiliating to contemplate, but it is true that the next occupant of the White House might bounce off this fascinating (but historically trivial) legal carnival. □



RUN OFF, JESSE, RUN OFF

NEW YORK, MARCH 28

IT ISN'T that the Democratic Party doesn't have problems with Jesse Jackson (it does), but although one would like to think they are unmanageable, they aren't. The party will survive and so, in a way, will Jesse Jackson. He will not be the Democratic standard-bearer, period: and his political disqualifications go beyond the coincidental color of his skin.

Concerning which, we should once and for all get that subject out of the way. If it were not for the rock-solidarity of the black vote in the primaries, Jesse Jackson would now be an also-ran. In the primary in Illinois, Jackson (who came in second) got the usual 90 per cent of the black vote: and 8 per cent of the white vote. He likes to put it that he has placed first or second in 26 of the 36 primaries. Nothing that Jesse Jackson says that involves figures can safely be accepted without independent check, but assuming that he is accidentally correct in this reckoning, he leaves out the division of the white vote brought about by the multiplicity of candidates for that vote: and leaves out the

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hegemonic support of black Americans. What's wrong with that? What's wrong with it is that black Americans constitute only about 12 per cent of the total population. The non-black population is not going to vote for Jesse Jackson.

Ah, they say. But what about Michigan? The answer is: Michigan was on a bender. Those who don't believe entire states can go on a bender are diplomatically reminded that in 1972, the people of Michigan went, in the primary, for George Wallace. Just about as heavily (51 per cent *v.* 55 per cent) as this time around they went for Jackson. Back in 1972, I pronounced the Michigan vote for George Wallace the Up Yours vote. It is quite wrong to suggest that madcap voting isn't a part of the American tradition. What kind of emphasis are we placing nowadays on the Iowa vote? It suggested that 81 per cent of Republicans don't want George Bush nominated. Ever since then, Bush has been sweeping the primaries, one after another. But there come those teasing little moments in a voting booth in which the voter can say, "The hell with everybody!"—and make his point by voting for Alfred E. Neuman. It is a way of saying to the Democrats: You know, guys, even though we'll come around to it and behave like good boys next November, Dukakis really is an awful bore. It is probably the case that the Republicans of Iowa were saying pretty much the same thing about George Bush last February. But the intoxicating high that comes with irresponsibility doesn't last very long, as Jesse Jackson will discover.

The principal dividend of the Michigan vote is the attention that will now be paid (for the first time) to what Jesse Jackson actually says. At NATIONAL REVIEW, we take the time—and have for years—actually to notice what Jackson says. And Fred Barnes of *The New Republic* did a useful piece on the subject the week before Michigan. One discovers and rediscovers and rerediscovers that Jesse Jackson is a fountainhead of economic nonsense when he devotes himself to domestic policy. In foreign policy, he is somewhere between Fidel Castro and Pol Pot. His instinct for the consonant cliché would bring on national deafness if the Reverend were ever turned loose on an inaugural address. "Right now Congress can merge and then purge workers and then submerge the economy. A process called merging, purging, and submerging. Merge corporations, leveraged buyouts, paper wealth, purge workers, and submerge our economy." Our economy hell, submerge our capacity to think.

What Jesse Jackson does have is presence. He is a naturally endowed leader. A. M. Rosenthal has noted that if he were entirely serious, he would assume the leadership in the fight against the heavy tendency among black Americans to take drugs and to bear illegitimate children. Mr. Jackson has spoken forcefully on the subject, but until he gives it his entire attention, he will not qualify for serious consideration as a national candidate.

Meanwhile, what the Democrats have is—Michael Dukakis. Joseph Sobran has quipped that "if you loved Mondale, you will like Dukakis." Well, Dukakis will not be running against Theodore Roosevelt. But it is closing time for statewide romps. The Democrats will face certain problems in Atlanta, and Jesse will get a lot of huzzahs, which is the currency in which, as of this moment, he should be paid. He has run into the Peter Principle, and must yield to it. □

DOUBLETALK ON CIVIL RIGHTS

NEW YORK, MARCH 25

THE LOGIC of the new Civil Rights Restoration Act is not easily confined. We tend to forget not so much where the quarrel began (people are dimly aware of something called Grove City College), but what was the origin of the quarrel between that college and the Justice Department. The Justice Department said to Grove City: proceed to execute forms A through ZZZ to satisfy us that you are not discriminating against women. "Us discriminate against women?! You must be nuts!" was the essence of Grove City's response. Not only did the college not discriminate against women, it had been a pioneer in matriculating women before the civil-rights acts were a gleam in Hubert Humphrey's eye. The college said it would not go to the infinite pains of executing an infinite number of forms in order to document its manifest innocence. It was as if every time you pulled out your credit card, you were required to fill out a financial statement. The Justice Department retaliated by threatening to withdraw federal financial aid to individual students attending Grove City.

For years the case made its way through the courts and by the time it reached the Supreme Court the framing of the issue had narrowed to the question: Do the formalities authorized under the Civil Rights Act apply to non-specified branches of a particular institution if the specified branch is a recipient of any form of federal aid? If a woman (or homosexual, or Hispanic, or someone handicapped) issues a complaint alleging discrimination by the basketball team (five of its members are receiving federal college loans), is the machinery of the civil-rights juggernaut invocable against the chemistry department? The new law says yes, it is.

Now the logic that extends the coverage of the law to an entire institutional metropolis upon the lodging of a complaint against one newsstand operator isn't, as noted, easily contained. The Post Office runs a deficit, and therefore anyone posting a letter can be said to be a recipient of federal aid. Why then isn't every household in America subject to the civil-rights laws? Why are you not asked, tomorrow, to fill out copious forms averring that you have not discriminated against your babysitter on grounds of sex, ethnic origin, or physical condition? The *New York Times* editorial greeted the overriding of the President's veto of the Restoration Act as though the nation's hygiene had just now been confirmed by the new Act. The editorial, reflecting much of the oratory in Congress, wept bitter tears contemplating the four long years that had gone by since the Supreme Court ruled on the Grove City College case: with, however, a strange and awkward failure to list the victims of the Grove City College decision. Where are they? Who are they?

And then the same editorial writer, reproaching George Bush for backing the President's veto, deplored the Vice President's loyalty. "He might have gained more stature among Americans had he supported the Republican Party of Abraham Lincoln rather than that of Ronald Reagan." Not a reliable battle cry, given that no member of the Ku Klux Klan today can top what would be called (justifiably) the racist views of Abraham Lincoln (he did not believe in slavery, but he did believe that blacks were biologically inferior). Mr. Bush did an awkward thing, basing his opposition to the bill on his loyalty to Mr. Reagan. He will spend a long summer pinioned on the question whether his loyalty to his boss should transcend his devotion to civil rights. He had a fine opportunity to say it was a lousy bill and had nothing to do with civil rights.

BUT THE true winner in swivel-hipping was Bob Dole. Not unexpectedly, one of Mr. Dole's eyes was turned left, the other, right. He liked the bill just fine (a pitch to the civil-rights lobby). But if a veto had depended on his vote, he'd have as a matter of loyalty backed the President (a pitch to the Reagan vote). If there had been a third position, Senator Dole would have embraced it too.

It is overdue for the term "civil rights" to be discredited as automatic credentials to pass any law whatsoever. It has become the means of estopping much of legitimate freedom of choice, and much meritocratic procedure. Allege that a college denied tenure to a woman (Hispanic, paraplegic, homosexual) and a faculty department is on the defensive. What about a bill to restore the civil rights of just plain people, to exercise their freedom of choice beyond that of aborting fetuses? □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Plants with fan-shaped leaves — P A L M E T T O E S / 110 128 207 140 27 174 44 2 76 180

B. School subject — A R I T H M E T I C / 134 104 139 204 23 195 51 11 65 86

C. Tacit — U N W R I T T E N / 141 117 52 184 68 198 33 103 5

D. Languor — L A [illegible] / 200 116 53 30 147 77 170 102 15

E. A place to grind the grain — G R I S T M I L L / 25 64 189 149 109 41 94 208 73

F. Fractions — R A T I O S / 60 89 169 131 79 190

G. Airy — E T H E R E A L / 202 58 12 137 145 28 111 93

H. New Testament book — [illegible] / 199 112 34 81 175 107 146 133 17

I. Chinese staple — N O O D L E S / 83 165 63 178 136 24 155

J. Favorite dessert of the *Playgirl* photographer? — B E [illegible] F C A K E / 49 91 181 119 203 105 75 13

K. Acted — E M O T E D / 191 126 95 7 172 153

L. Affairs — R O M A N C E S / 50 18 84 143 197 187 160 62

M. Grotesque — G O T H I C / 69 40 163 188 88 54

N. Nudist's favorite suit? — [illegible] / 135 74 26 162 45 122 206 6

O. Art-for-art's-sake types — A E S T H E T E S / 16 101 168 156 78 113 192 35 138

P. Hitchcockian "direction" — N O R T H W E S T / 186 177 55 150 159 36 4 108 22

Q. Sudan's capital — K H A R T O U M / 29 124 185 96 176 42 205 10

R. Mainz is here — R H I N E L A N D / 114 130 82 19 48 142 161 182 3

S. Satanic — U N H O L Y / 59 148 87 31 106 209

T. Light measures — P H O T O N S / 57 70 157 123 132 173 38

U. Separates the grain — T H R E S H E S / 97 164 32 194 129 8 61 115

V. They come every seven years — I T C H E S / 179 71 158 98 46 166

W. Does napalm's job — D E F O L I A T E S / 171 120 183 20 201 37 85 1 99 72

X. Turkish title of respect — E F F E N D I / 125 21 100 151 66 39 196

Y. Repository for public documents — A R C H I V E S / 152 14 144 47 154 90 121 67

Z. A truly stainless city — S H E F F I E L D / 80 193 167 43 127 56 9 92 118

1 W T	2 A O		3 R D	4 P E	5 C N	6 N Y		7 K T	8 U H	9 Z E	10 Q M		11 B T	12 G H	13 J E		14 Y R	15 D E	16 O A	17 H S	18 L O	19 R N
	20 W O	21 X F		22 P T	23 B H	24 I E		25 E G	26 N R	27 A E	28 G E	29 Q K	30 D S		31 S O	32 U R		33 C T	34 H H	35 O E		36 P W
37 W I	38 T S	39 X D	40 M O	41 E M		42 Q O	43 Z F		44 A T	45 N H	46 V E		47 Y H	48 R E	49 J B	50 L R	51 B E	52 C W		53 D S	54 M C	55 P R
56 Z I	57 T P	58 G T	59 S U	60 F R	61 U E	62 L S		63 I O	64 E R		65 B I	66 X N	67 Y S	68 C I	69 M G	70 T H	71 V T	72 W S		73 E L	74 N I	75 J K
76 A E		77 D T	78 O H	79 F O	80 Z S	81 H E		82 R I	83 I N		84 L M	85 W A	86 B C	87 S H	88 M I	89 F A	90 Y V	91 J E	92 Z L	93 G L	94 E I	
95 K O	96 Q R		97 U T	98 V H	99 W E		100X F	101O E	102D D	103C E	104B R	105J A	106S L	107H I	108P S	109E T		110A P	111G A	112H P	113O E	114R R
115U S		116D A	117C N	118Z D		119J E	120W E	121Y E	122N D		123T T	124Q H	125X E	126K M		127Z E	128A A	129U S	130R H	131F I	132T O	133H N
134B A	135N B	136I L	137G E		138O S	139B I	140A M	141C U	142R L	143L A	144Y C	145G R	146H A		147D I	148S N	149E S	150P T	151X E	152Y A	153K D	
154Y I	155I S		156O T	157T O		158V C	159P H	160L E	161R A	162N T		163M T	164U H	165I O	166V S	167Z E		168O S	169F T	170D U	171W D	172K E
173T N	174A T	175H S		176Q T	177P O		178I D	179V I	180A S	181J E	182R N	183W F	184C R	185Q A	186P N	187L C	188M H	189E I	190F S	191K E		192O T
193Z H	194U E	195B M		196X I	197L N	198C T	199H E	200D L	201W L	202G E	203J C	204B T	205Q U	206N A	207A L	208E L	209S Y					

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 54 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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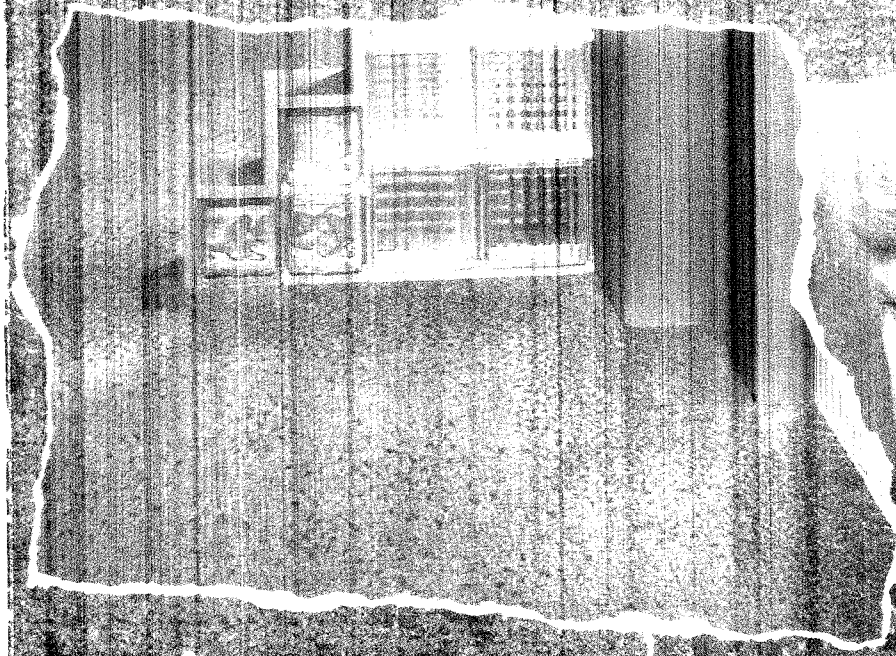
PREMIER VISION



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beyond
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